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BY GERTRUDE BACON

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March 1903

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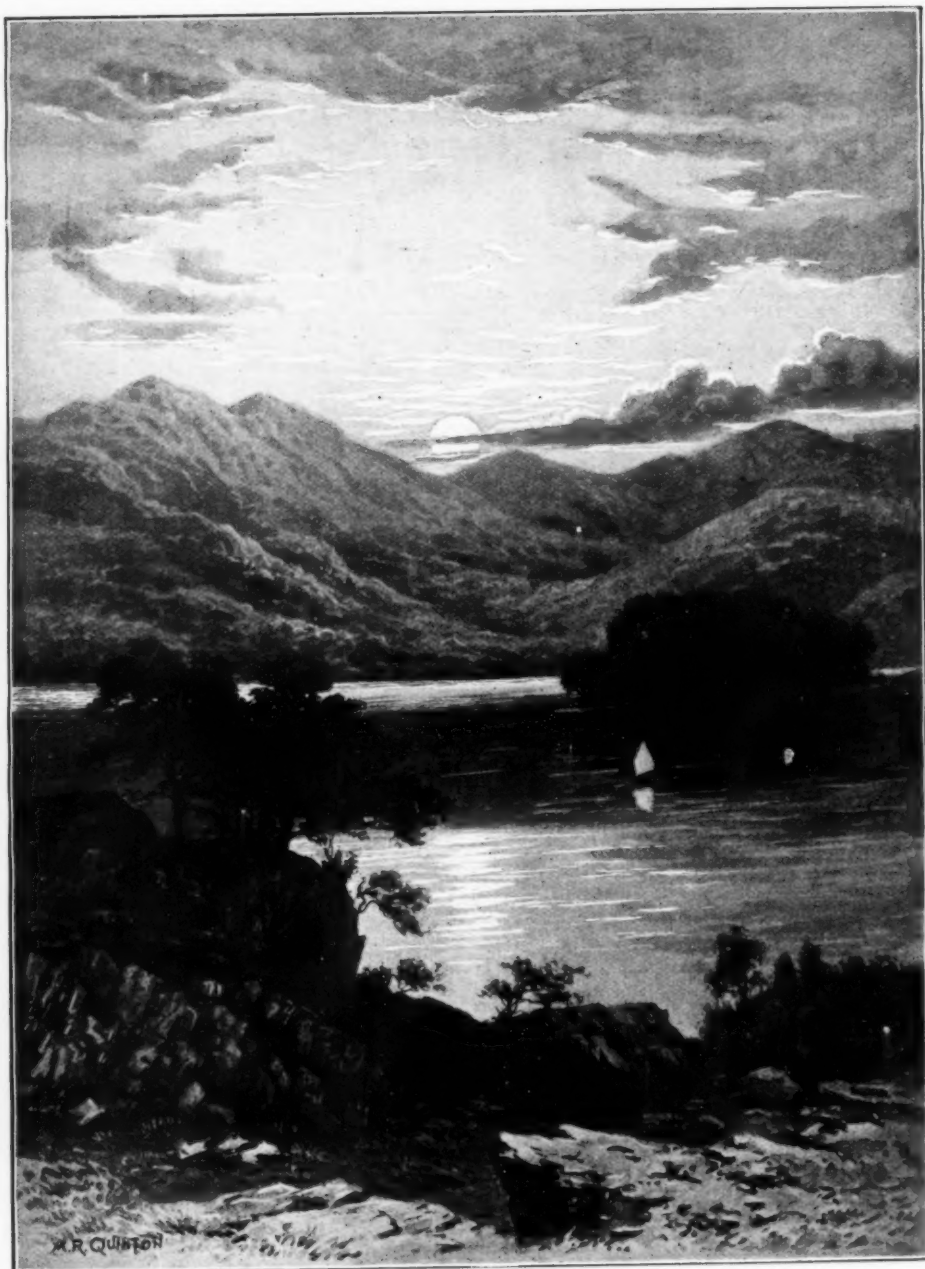
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*Drawn for "The Leisure Hour"*

*By A. R. Quinton*

# SUNSET ON DERWENTWATER



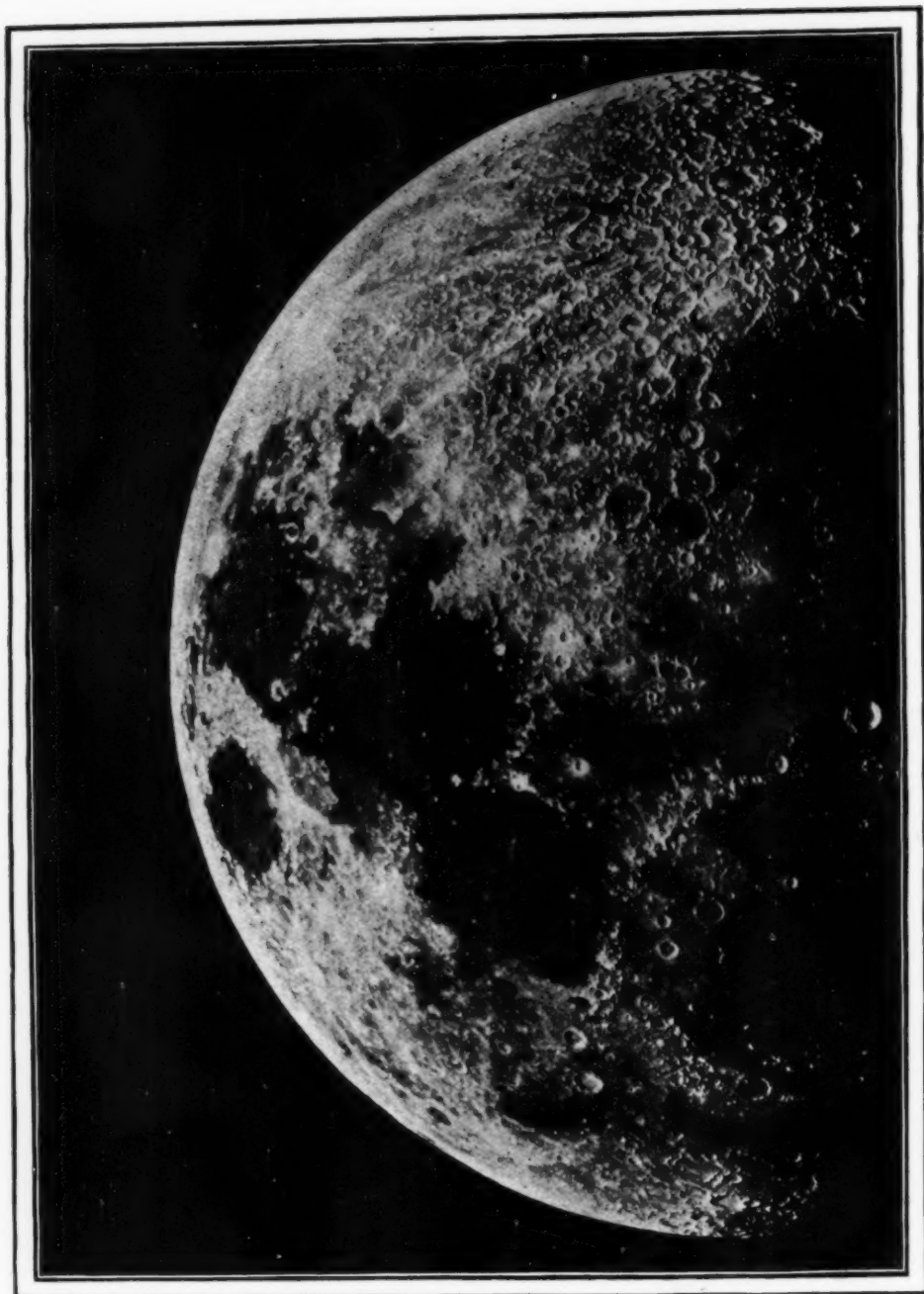
## Glimpses at the Moon

BY A. D. AUSTIN

THE moon is our celestial next-door neighbour, and in comparison with the other heavenly bodies is very close to us indeed, its mean distance being 238,000 miles. One of the ocean liners to the Australasian colonies travels about this distance in ten round journeys to the antipodes and back, and an express train at sixty miles an hour would do the distance in about 166 days if no stoppages were made. Such distances as these are readily grasped by the mind, but when we deal with distances of the stars we are overwhelmed, as a similar train to the above would require no less than forty-seven millions of years to reach Alpha Centauri, the nearest known "fixed" star. The moon is the only heavenly body with whose surface we are at all well acquainted. Mars indeed presents some features that can indistinctly be seen, but the so-called canals are extremely doubtful, although some of these markings are conceivably strips of irrigated land. As to the probability of exchanging signals with its inhabitants, if such exist, we may, in the present state of our knowledge and resources, safely relegate all such ideas to the regions of romance and dreams. Our satellite is 2160 miles in diameter, and weighs about seventy trillions of tons. It is difficult to form any clear idea of such numbers as billions and trillions, but some facts showing what a trillion really means may here be given. The total wheat crop of the world is estimated at 2500 millions of bushels annually, and it would take the world's wheat supply for 640 years to amount to a trillion *grains* of wheat of average size and weight!

The visible sailing of the ponderous globe of the moon round our earth produces a grand effect upon the thoughtful mind, and should leave a deep impression of the mighty power and consummate wisdom that ordains its undeviating course from age to age. It is, of course, retained in its orbit by the marvellous balancing of the centrifugal and centripetal forces, but these forces are further complicated by the attractions of other heavenly bodies, which make the moon's actual motions extremely complicated and involved, calling forth for their

investigation the highest powers of the greatest mathematicians of modern times. Notwithstanding all these disturbing factors, the moon preserves the even tenor of its way with the utmost regularity and precision. Magnifying powers of 6000 diameters have been applied to telescopic observations of the moon, and this means that the views of the lunar disc then obtained are the same as would be seen with the naked eye by an observer placed forty miles distant from the moon's surface. These high magnifying powers can only be successfully applied to telescopes such as those of the Yerkes and Lick observatories in America, and to two or three others in other countries. Were an observer placed within forty miles of the moon he would see the mountains and other features in much detail, and the great telescopes mentioned give nearly similar results. Some persons have taken upon themselves to find fault with our satellite, and object that the moon is not always at the full, and thus furnish its maximum illuminating powers every night to the earth's inhabitants. The great mathematician, Laplace, with whose illustrious name the Nebula Hypothesis is intimately connected, fell into this error, and endeavoured to show how a moon about four times farther away than the moon actually is would revolve round the earth in the same time the sun apparently does, and would thus always present a full face to us. Upon investigation, however, it turns out that for Laplace's moon to appear the same size as ours, it would require to be of the same size as the earth itself, whilst the motions assigned to it indicate that it should not exceed the mass of the existing moon. Laplace's moon would therefore require to be made of material about four times lighter than cork, and as we know of no such substance, there is no necessity to much further discuss the daring notion. Our satellite is doubtless the best that the circumstances permit. The laws that govern matter and motion must act uniformly throughout the universe, or the whole creation would soon fall into dire confusion; in short, we should have not an ordered cosmos, but a chaos.



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOON

Taken by the great Melbourne telescope. Moon's age, 9-0 days.

## Glimpses at the Moon

This consideration should be taken into serious account by those persons who think they could improve matters, or who try to banish the Creator from His universe altogether. There are other considerations that Laplace left out of account, one of which is that if the moon was always at the full, the glorious display of the host of heaven and the magnificent galaxy that spans the sky, would scarcely be seen, as every one must have noticed how few stars are seen during full moonlit nights. Laplace's moon would have deprived us of the grandest sight that ever meets mortal gaze. We shall not here enter upon other weighty objections to the moon proposed by the great Frenchman, who might well have been answered as of old was Job: "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me. Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding."

Our first view of the moon is from a photograph taken with the great Melbourne telescope by Mr. Ellery, the late Government astronomer, the moon being nine days old at the time. Photography is now largely used in astronomy, and will be of special value in tracing any changes that may be in progress on the lunar surface, as by its aid we can get exact representations or records of the state of affairs at any particular time, and these photographic records can then be compared with others more recently taken, and any changes duly noted. The circular mountain shown near the right edge of the view is known as Copernicus. The walls of this cup-like crater are fifty-six miles apart, rising to an altitude of 11,000 to 12,000 feet. It has several cones in the centre, one of which is 2500 feet high. To the left of Copernicus and rather lower down is Eratosthenes, about thirty miles in diameter; and the central cone is seen in the view. From this crater, running in a downward direction, is the range of mountains called the Apennines, and these more closely resemble a range on the earth than do other lunar mountains. The chain of mountains, still running downwards, now turns to the right hand and is here called the Alps. The large dark areas on the moon were formerly considered to be seas, and they still bear the name. It is not improbable that they are beds of former seas

existing at very remote periods of the moon's existence. These *maria*, as they are termed, are now dry, level plains similar to deserts on the earth. It has long been held that the moon has no atmosphere or water, and consequently no vegetation whatever, but this conclusion is by no means considered final. In the *Annals* of the Harvard College Observatory for 1900, Professor Pickering, the distinguished astronomer, enters into this matter in great detail. After long and exhaustive examination, he arrives at the conclusion that the moon has a slight atmosphere, and that there are indications that water has not yet probably disappeared. He speaks of "rills" and of "river-beds," and enumerates thirty-five of the latter. It is improbable that the moon was ever a world teeming with vegetable and animal life like our own globe, but probable that it was always, even in its best days, a comparatively barren and arid waste. Looking, however, to the marvellous adaptation of life to its environment that we find on the earth that we live upon, under conditions previously considered impossible, we may reasonably infer that life, at least in lowly forms, in both animal and vegetable kingdoms would be found on the moon.

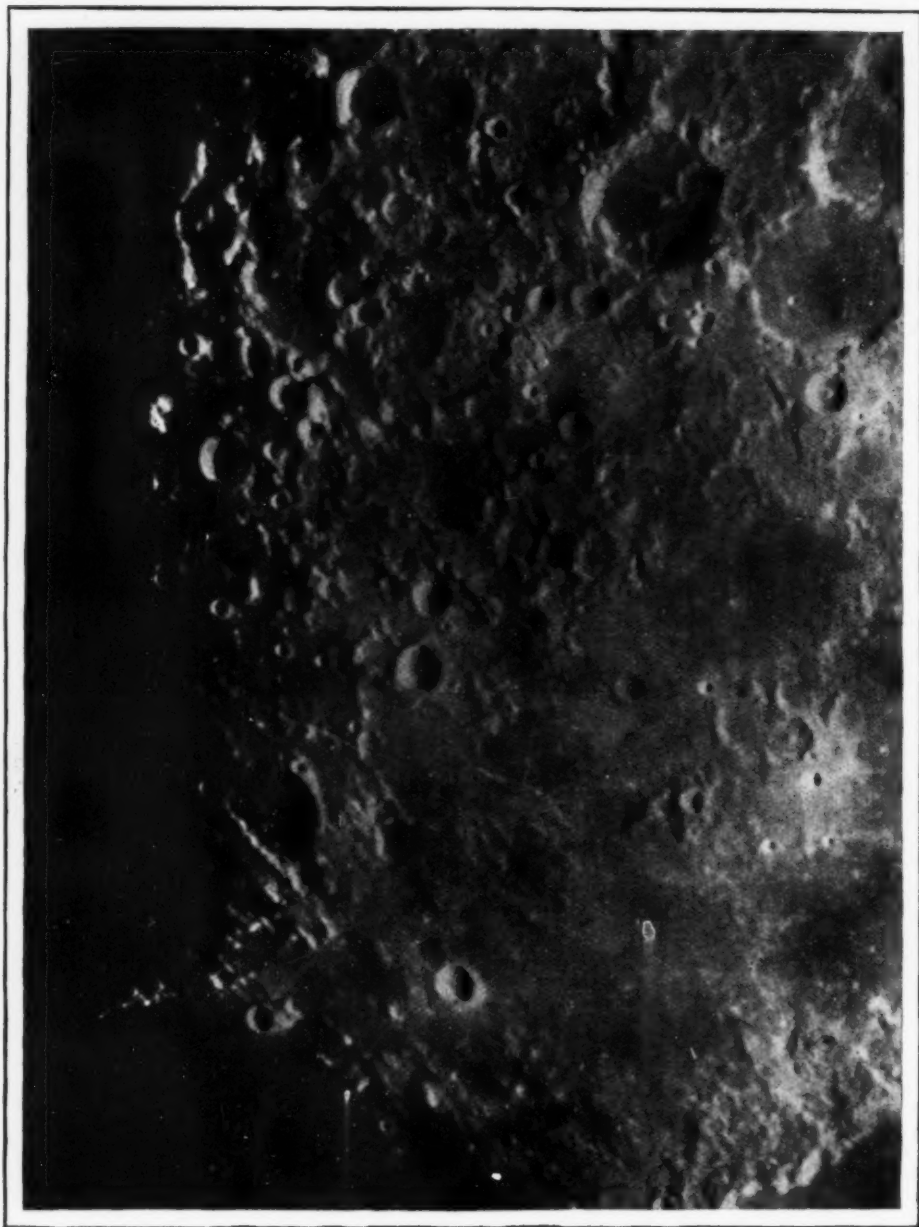
Professor G. H. Darwin has in recent years made a special study of tidal friction, by which it would appear that the tides act as a kind of break on the revolution of the earth on its axis, thus gradually lengthening the day and the month, and slowly repelling the moon from the earth. It follows that in the past the moon was much nearer to the earth than it now is, and that the action of the tides was consequently greater. It is estimated that the earth falls behind a true clock about twenty-two seconds in one hundred years. It is considered that the earth at an early stage of its existence was a semi-solid, semi-fluid plastic mass, revolving six to eight times as fast as it now does, and that a wave produced by the action of the sun went round the earth in about three hours. Now if this wave each time it returned received the attraction of the sun, it would be increased in size, and as the earth was spinning at a great rate, the result would be that parts of it would fly off like the rim of an over-driven fly-wheel, and one or more of these fragments formed the moon. The newly-formed moon would continue to revolve with the earth, but rather slower than when it left it.

## Glimpses at the Moon

During the countless ages since its birth it has been going farther out, and this is what it is still doing. After a long interval there will be another change, and the moon will again approach the earth. These changes, however, will take enormous lengths of

time to bring about. How marvellous is the infinitely complex system of nature! what delicate balancing of forces, what adaptation of means to ends!

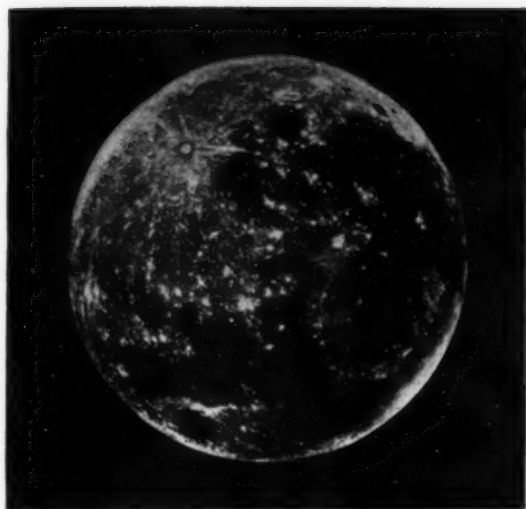
Our second view is from a photograph taken at the Lick Observatory, on Mount



PORTION OF THE MOON

Photographed at the Lick Observatory. Moon's age, 20 days, 14 hours.

## Glimpses at the Moon



THE MOON

Photographed at the Lick Observatory.

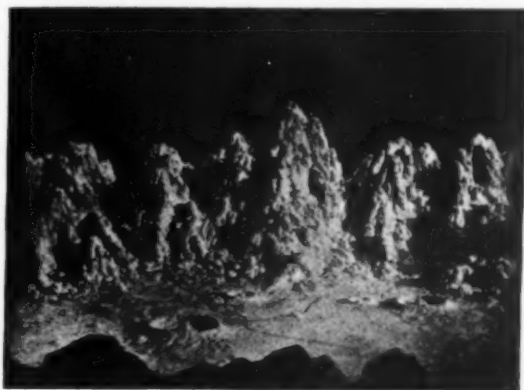
Hamilton, California. This observatory is 4209 feet above the sea level, and was placed at this high altitude in order to get a clearer atmosphere. It was founded by James Lick, who, brought up under poor circumstances, amassed a fortune in business, and made a bid for immortality by endowing the observatory with a huge telescope fifty-seven feet in length, and four feet in diameter. The body of Mr. Lick reposes in a block of concrete under the pier of the gigantic instrument. The photograph is a typical one, and shows how vast areas of the moon are covered with craters and mountains of all sizes. The view clearly shows the remarkable cracks known as the Clefts of Hyginus and Ariadaeus. The first mentioned is some hundred miles or so in length and from half a mile to a mile and a half in breadth. It is the one on the right hand, and it intersects the small crater called Hyginus. To the left is the Cleft of Ariadaeus, which is about 175 miles in length. There are large numbers of these clefts or fissures on the lunar surface, but the ones now under consideration are the most conspicuous. The clefts generally pass through comparatively level places, and as they frequently intersect small craters they are thus shown to be of more recent date than the craters

themselves. The clefts are considered to be caused by the contraction of the lunar surface as the body of the moon cooled and shrunk. It would be useless to weary our readers with the names of the large numbers of craters and craterlets shown on the view. The whole surface of the hemisphere of the moon that is turned towards the earth is more or less covered with these singular mountains, upwards of 33,000 of which have been actually mapped. Although we never see the other hemisphere, there can be but little doubt that it is in all respects very similar. What a scene of desolation the moon presents, and what an inconceivable chaos it must have been when the craters were in full activity, belching forth lava, scoria, and ashes in all directions!

We have not anything on the earth on the same scale as these craters.

The craters on the Sandwich Islands—Kilauea and Haleakala, the one a fused, the other a consolidated lake of lava with small cones ejecting cinders and ashes—afford, however, an analogy. Haleakala is oval in form, about thirty miles in circumference, and about 2000 feet below the summits of the mountains that surround it.

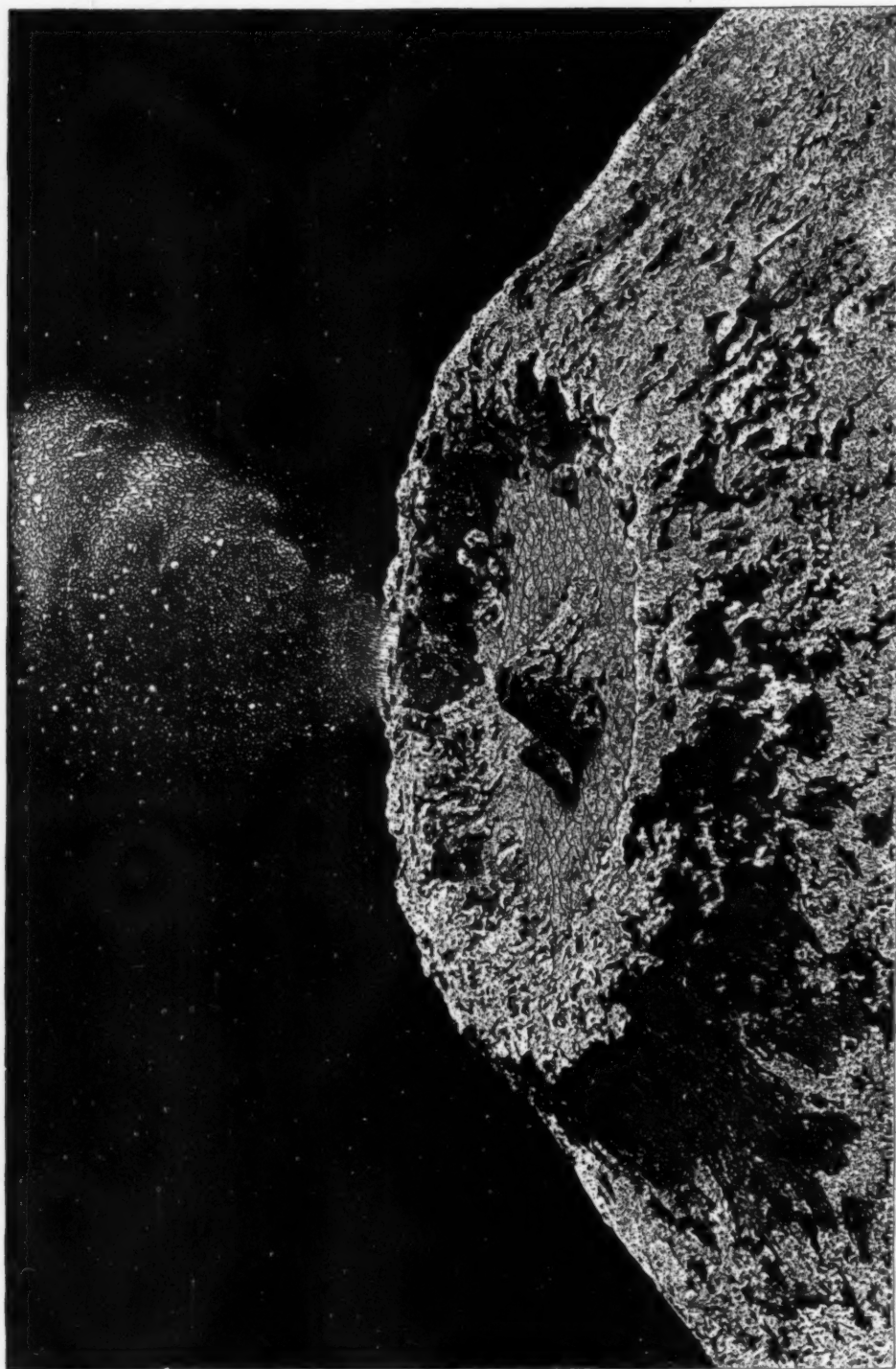
The third view shows the whole lunar disc on a small scale. The circular white spot on the left-hand side near the top is the mountain known as Tycho, from which numerous white streaks radiate in all



IDEAL LUNAR LANDSCAPE

Modelled and Photographed by Nasmyth.





CRATER OF VESUVIUS  
From Namyth's *The Moon*, by kind permission of Mr. Murray.



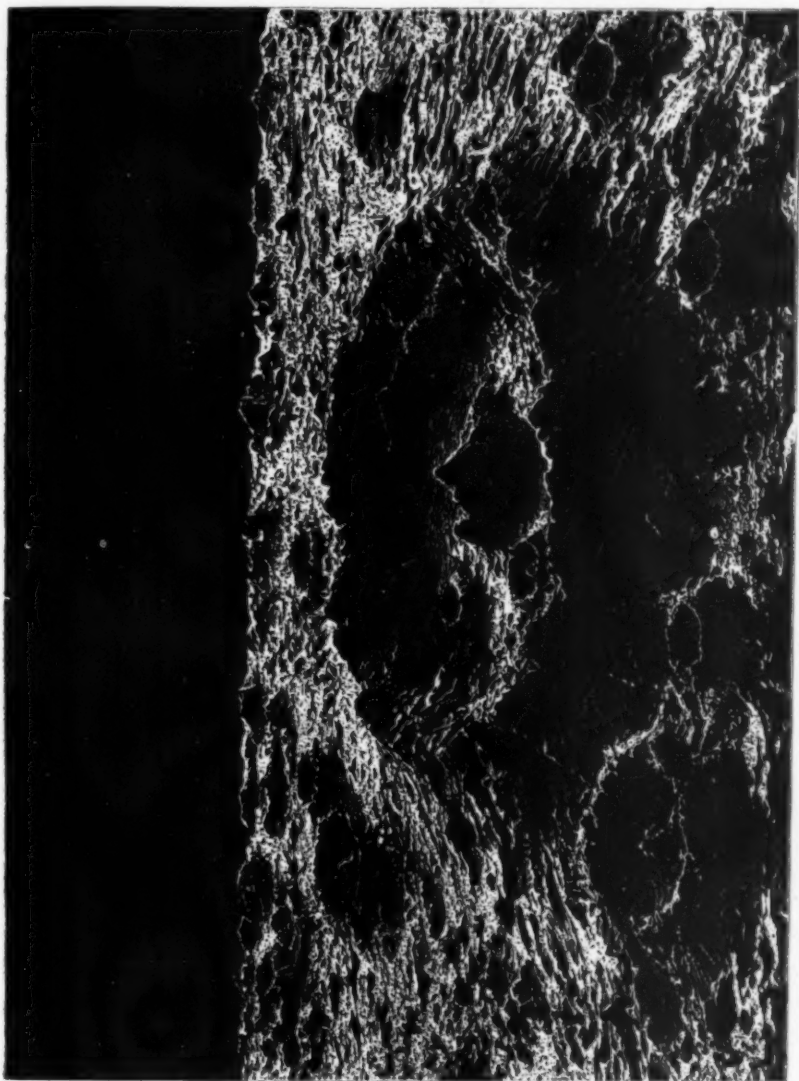
## Glimpses at the Moon

directions. The theories relating to the origin of these streaks and of the circular craters and walled plains cannot, however, be dealt with in this article.

We have been viewing the Queen of Night from the realistic or scientific standpoint. Disenchantment frequently dogs the steps of science, and poetry is apt to flee away. Campbell well says—

“When science from creation’s face  
Enchantment’s veil withdraws,  
What lovely visions yield their place  
To cold material laws.”

The moon majestically sailing through the starry skies must always, however, be an object of supreme beauty to mankind, and no critical scrutiny or cold analysis can ever seriously detract from her charms.

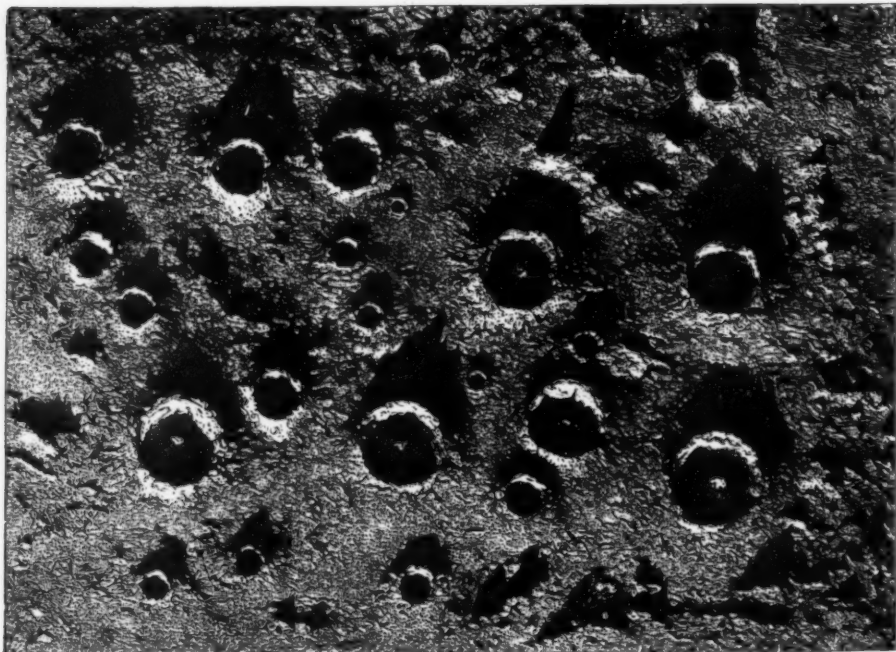


NORMAL LUNAR CRATER

From Nasmyth's *The Moon*, by kind permission of Mr. Murray.

CRATER OF VESUVIUS  
From Nasmyth's *The Moon*, by kind permission of Mr. Murray.

## Glimpses at the Moon



PORTION OF THE MOON'S SURFACE  
From Naamyth's *The Moon*, by kind permission of Mr. Murray.

## This Comfort

WHY to night, sitting here by my winter's grate,  
With the dead day still on my brain;  
With the ache of the conflict throbbing thro'  
The sound of the dreary rain;  
Why now, with each thought and feeling bound  
With this numbing sense of despair,  
Should a perfumed breath, like the breath of Spring,  
Glide in on this sullen air?

I lift my head from my listless hands.  
Why, the rain has changed its sound!  
'Tis the summer shower we were waiting for  
To freshen our garden ground.  
And this verdurous sense of rustling leaves,  
And these glimpses of stars between,  
And this scent of the roses dear and sweet,  
Belong to the days that have been.

Ah, I see at last. You have let me know  
That your thoughts can follow me still;  
That for pressure of hand and helping word,  
To revive this slackened will,  
You have sent me this message from your unknown,  
To steal through the blank of this room,  
And in token of our dear flowers of the past,  
It is wrapt in the breath of their bloom.

And this twofold thought in your thought I find—  
To help thro' to-morrow's fight—  
That the things that made our first heaven here  
Are living still in the light  
Of that land where your footsteps fall to-day;  
And these scents that my soul o'erflow  
Are the scents of your flowers that have found their way  
By that mystic path you know!

FRANCES TYRRELL-GILL.

# The Intriguers

BY JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON

## SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

THE story opens in an old inn in Paris in August 1714. There Rosamund Welby and her companion, Fräulein Groesbeck, are awaiting the arrival of Rupert Frayne, Rosamund's lover, whom she wants to detach from the Jacobite cause. In another room in the same hotel Gachette, Starbuck and Leicester North are hatching a Jacobite plot to intercept the new King of England, George I., on his way from Herrenhausen through Holland to London. They see a woman disappearing, and conclude that Rosamund Welby has been listening at the door.

Starbuck is the man chosen to go to Venlo and give the other conspirators warning of the route of the new King. On his way at night to meet them at Horst, he falls in with four armed horsemen, with whom he fights desperately. He is unhorsed and left for dead, after being deprived of important secret papers which he carried.

Rosamund Welby, remaining in Paris, is handed a letter, telling her that Rupert Frayne has been thrown from his horse and carried to a house at Vincennes. The bearer, whom she has previously seen in conversation with Leicester North and Gachette, offers to escort her to Vincennes in the conveyance which he has brought, and she goes with him. The carriage stops at the Château de Vincennes, which she enters, only to find that Rupert has never been there at all, and that she herself is a prisoner. Meantime Fräulein Groesbeck has persuaded Rupert Frayne to ride off to intercept King George on his own account. When she returns to the inn, she is horror-struck to find from Gachette that Rosamund has disappeared.

On Rupert's return, he announces to the Fräulein that the plot has failed, and that King George is safely on his way to England. Then he learns with horror of the disappearance of Rosamund, and vows that he will find her. Sitting in an inn at Vélizy, he overhears Dubois, the man who had carried off Rosamund, telling his story to his daughter's intended husband, from which he gathered that Leicester North had betrayed Rosamund's whereabouts. Then he puts up his servant-man, Silas Todd, to try to find out the secret of where Rosamund has been taken to. On his return to 'La Pomme d'Or' he finds Anna Groesbeck in tears, and learns from her that Rosamund's father has been drowned.

## CHAPTER XIII.—SHE'S MINE

INTO the Rue Valois—a street narrow and cramped as any old street which you may see in German and French cities at this day—as well as in the heart of the city of London also—yet one which had, at its end by the cathedral, a somewhat spacious open place—Silas Todd came as the sun sank away in front of the great *porte* of Notre Dame and lit up, as though with burnished gold, the whole of the western façade; while, as he so entered that old street, whose name has disappeared and become merged into a far more modern one, even as the mitred archbishops on their palfreys, and the chanting monks and incense-swinging boys have also disappeared or become merged into far more prosaic and everyday individuals—he presented a brave and handsome appearance.

For, firstly, he was, as became one who had taken part in most of Anne's great campaigns, very stalwart and upright, as well as being the possessor of an honest and good-looking English face; and, secondly, he was well dressed—as who would not be

who sets out to court a woman whom he has never seen and who in her turn has never seen him. For those who know of such things as these have told us that you may win your way into a woman's heart with greater ease than perhaps you would otherwise do, if you but make a brave and gallant show before her eyes.

Therefore, Silas was now adorned in a neat brown velvet suit with breeches of brown satin, and with good lace to his sleeves and breast—be sure these things were good, since once they had been his master's!—while he carried, too, a well-gallooned hat above his wig, and bore as well upon his thigh a handsome English rapier, having stamped upon its blade the words: "Wear me, trust me, and use me." But that blade was hidden now in a black sheath, and, at present, was only worn and trusted, though ever ready, too, for use.

"Behold," said Silas to himself, "the tavern. The first post of observation. Good! And directly opposite is the house of our exempt; the cage that holds the bird I am to ensnare. Ensnare! Humph! Now—shall I? That's the question. And

## The Intriguers

—can I? That's another question. Once I should never have doubted. For how easy they would come to my lure. But now I have no heart, nor, perhaps, shall ever have again. Yet," he went on, bracing himself, "this is childish. I come here to win a saucy maiden's love—or friendship—not to give my own. I am but a play-actor knave, and do but act, perforce, in the service of him I reverence. So be it, Jeanne; we will make love! Yet, first I must see thee; afterwards—the love passages."

Silas advanced towards the tavern, and, pushing open the door, called the drawer to him, he doing so by stamping on the floor and rapping the table, since the youth was fast asleep on a chair, there being no other customer in the place on this fine autumn afternoon. Then, when the sleepy waiter had approached him, he said in very fair French—

"Bring me a small flask of Muscadine, a plate of grapes, and some white chip bread. And—and—bring two glasses. I seek some information from you as to an armourer who dwells hard by. A fellow, they tell me, who has good Flambards and rapiers to sell. My lad, go draw the wine and then come help to drink it."

The "they" who had told Silas this must have consisted of his own eyes, and, in fact, "they" had told him truly, since, as he entered the Rue Valois, he had plainly seen an armourer's shop with, upon the bulk outside and in the window, many a good weapon exposed for sale, as well as some backs-and-breasts, gorgets, and so forth.

"I will do so, milor," the drawer said in answer to Todd's order, while concluding from his accent that he was English. "While for the armourer—"

"Go, get the drink. Then we will talk;" whereon the young man went off to do as he was bid.

"Humph! 'Milor!' that will not do," mused Silas when he was left alone. "'Milor' means that I am an Englishman—no! that will not do at all. Our beloved neighbours esteem us none too much, although we fly not at each other's throats just now. No! I must be something else. Let's see for it.

"I might be a Dutchman," he pondered, "since neither is France at war with them. Humph! a Dutchman! Yes! he would speak with an accent such as mine, especially as I learnt my French there. Like-

wise, I know the land. I ought to do so; we have trodden it down beneath our feet often enough. Ay! ay! I will be a Dutchman—a countryman of my little dead girl. Ah! Margot! Margot!"

As he thus mused, the waiter came back with the wine and grapes, as well as the white bread and some pats of butter, when, pouring out two glasses of the Muscadine at Silas's bidding, they fell to talking of the armourer, the latter getting from the youth about the same amount of information as his own sharp eyes had already furnished him with. Then, this being accomplished, he skilfully worked the subject round to other matters.

"A sweet, quiet spot is this," he said as he sipped his wine. "An old world, out of the world, street. You should be peaceful here, and not run off your legs attending to customers. A man might live in quietude and meditation in such houses as those, now," and he nodded to two or three across the street, the exempt's being one of them.

"Oh! as for that," the drawer said, "'tis quiet enough in all good faith. There is little to do but stare at those very houses, and then see little enough for one's pains. A prisoner taken in sometimes ere being carted off to the Bastille—for he who dwells there is an exempt—or the man's daughter a-combing of her ruddy locks before the glass—"

"My lad!" interrupted Silas in a grave and serious tone, "what are you speaking of? A maiden combing her locks and you peeping at her! I hope you are not a ribald—you! a stripling lad as yet. Besides, think, if she did but know that any man's eyes observed her."

"Oh! as to that," said the youth with a toss of the head and a grin, "Jeanne is no babe. Bah! She hoodwinks a fool into marriage with her shortly, yet sometimes she meets others whom he knows not of."

"This grieves me," said Silas, wagging his head. "Why! I did think all maidens of Paris were modest and retiring—"

"Indeed!" cried the boy—for he was no more. "And did milor think that!"

"My lad, I am no milor. You mistake me. I am but an honest Flanders gentleman from—from—" and he swallowed a gulp—"Kaiserswerth."

"In truth! So! I had deemed you a proud, contemptuous Englishman. I am glad at least you are not that. They are so masterful. But, now, see, monsieur—

or is it herr?—would you test Jeanne's shyness? If so, you can make proof."

"Heaven forbid! I am a modest man, liking not any such traffickings. Yet—yet—what *can* you mean?"

"Only a pastime, a joke. To pass a moment. For monsieur is handsome and brave; one to attract a girl's eye. Monsieur is big and splendid and nobly appparelled, and if he would but station himself in the open doorway I would wager another flask of Muscadine—oh! I can pay it, my father owns this tavern—that in five minutes Jeanne will be at her window observing him."

"It may not be," said Silas, growing still more shocked. "A gambler, too! Alas! how will you end? And to lure a maiden to her window—I—a sober-minded man! I pity your father! If you talk like this I must away. This is no place for me."

"Oh! well," said the youth, "if 'tis like that, no matter. Yet I had thought for fun, for another glass; for the sight of a pretty girl—and she is pretty!—you might have done it. The afternoons are long and any little pastime welcome."

"My boy, I must not gamble, 'tis opposed to all my principles. Nor do I love much to look on women—they are sirens. Yet, to please you I will do it. But for a moment only!"

Silas, who had from the first been drawing nearer and nearer to the door, opened it and stood leaning against the door-post while



SILAS STOOD LEANING AGAINST THE DOOR

glancing up and down the street—but never once towards the opposite house. For a few moments nothing happened. Then Silas saw the *jalousie* of a window on the first



## The Intriguers

floor pushed open a little by a white hand, and heard the boy near him say:

"She feeds the bird. Observe, monsieur. Oh! she often does so when good-looking men are here. Poor bird! Sometimes it must be stuffed to bursting."

"Also she does not feed it," mused Silas to himself, "from the side of the cage, but at the back. Thus, through the bars, she obtains a fine view of me."

Still leaning in the door-frame, his hand idly resting upon his sword-hilt and his eyes still glancing up and down the street, but never by any chance at the window opposite—though they divined all that was going on—Silas observed that the *jalousie* was a little wider open now—of course because the sun had sunk behind the house!—and that the girl was furtively watching him. Yet, still, he did not look at her.

"Boy," he said to the lad, who was invisible to any outside, "I will pay my reckoning. A crown will do it, eh?" and he thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out a handful of gold pieces with some silver amongst them. Then, after holding them in his open palm for a second or two, he picked out a crown and tossed it to the boy. Yet still he did not leave the spot, but idly played with the handle of his sword so that the great diamond he wore (it was Rupert's and lent for the occasion) flashed and gleamed like fire.

When a woman shyly coughs—a little gentle cough, such as a passing breeze of autumn air might easily cause!—those who hear turn their eyes towards the sufferer. And that was what Silas did, his eyes meeting hers full—bright blue ones they were!—and resting on her face for a few moments, while on his own there came a look of amazed admiration—an admiration skilfully assumed. Then, in a moment, the girl at the window was gone.

"My boy," he said to the waiter, "I must away. Otherwise the armourer may be closed. Yet be very sure I shall return, if he has anything to suit my fancy. Tomorrow, now, I think it like that I may come again. Meanwhile," and he shook his head reprovingly, "I do trust you will make no sheep's eyes at that window."

After which serious counsel he went away and strolled towards the armourer's shop which he had noticed on his road hither—though not until he had taken the boy's directions how to find it, as he deemed

that it was necessary the latter should have no idea that his presence at the tavern was due to any premeditation.

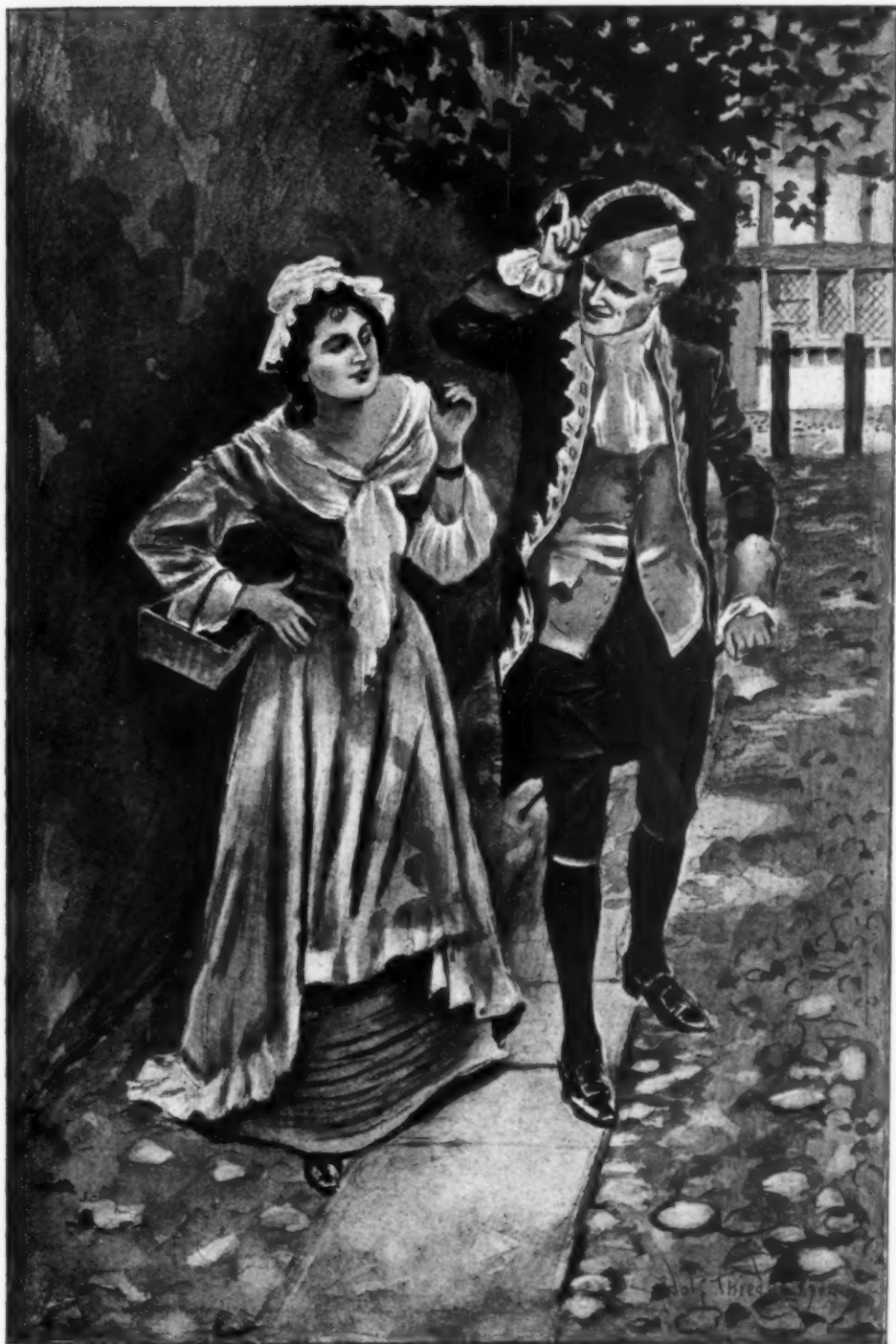
At first he had had no intention of actually purchasing anything of the armourer, since he needed nothing which the man could supply, and, consequently, when outside the shop, contented himself at first with gazing idly into it. But as he did so, there occurred something to make him linger on. For, on one side of the bulk, there hung a great breast-and-back which looked as though it might once have belonged to some renowned and well-to-do captain or commander, it being much reinforced and adorned, especially at the neck and armholes, by bosses, or rivets, of brass. And it would seem as though the armourer knew full well what a handsome thing he possessed in this, since he had evidently polished and cleaned it with great care, so that, now, its great steel surface shone like a mirror, while also reflecting in it the houses at Silas Todd's back, and even smaller things, such as a dog that lay in the shade and a fountain beyond the tavern.

A mirror! Yes, it was, indeed, that, as Silas soon saw—as well as a fine piece of breast armour which would turn a sabre's point or lance's head. For, as he gazed at it, wondering to whom it might have once belonged in bygone days, he saw something more within its shiny depths than the sleeping dog or the flashing fountain, or the pigeons which belonged to the great cathedral wheeling in the air. He saw the red, auburn-haired daughter of the exempt standing on the steps of her father's house and gazing up and down the street as though looking for some one, and then, a moment later, he observed that she crossed the road and went into the *Taverne Valoise*.

"So, so," muttered Silas to himself, "her curiosity is aroused—the spring is set. She has gone to ask the youth who I am, or what, and whether I shall come again. I would wager a crown she will come this way ere long."

And so she did, and shortly, too. For, five minutes later, and while now Silas fingered a gauntlet and then a dagger lying on the tray that was upon the bulk—though still keeping ever a wary eye fixed on, and piercing the depths of, the breast-piece—he saw the maiden coming down the street, a basket in her hand and on her head a light summer cap. She sang, too,





"A TISANE, NOW, OR SOME GOLDEN DROPS, WOULD DO MUCH FOR MADEMOISELLE"

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as she came along, doubtless to attract the attention of the stranger who appeared so well-to-do, while, as she drew nearer, she coughed a little as she had coughed before when at her window, not recognising, perhaps, that he whom she sought to allure was watching all her movements in the burnished corselet.

Still more she coughed as she was close at Silas's back, and then he, turning round to gaze at one so teased on this fine autumn day, looked at her and, with a smile of sympathy on his handsome face, muttered "*Pauvrette*," and added a little louder, "'Tis sad to see one so young and fair suffer thus."

For a moment the girl looked at him—almost quizzingly; saucily too—then she tossed her head and curled her lip and went on her way. Yet, perhaps because she would not have the neighbours observe that she was opening a flirtation with a stranger, she turned down a lane at the side of the street they were upon. This lane followed a high wall which bounded a great mansion. And she walked slowly.

"A tisane, now, or some golden drops," whispered Silas, following behind the girl, "would do much for mademoiselle. If mademoiselle would let me bring her some to-morrow when I come here again, they would be of service to her. In truth, I will bring her a choice specific such as——"

But here the exempt's daughter, after looking him well over—her eye not failing to alight on the diamond ring!—burst into a light laugh, while, stepping out quickly now, she went down to the end of the lane and so vanished from Silas Todd's sight.

### CHAPTER XIV.—DALLIANCE

"**L**OVE," said one who knew all about the matter, "is like fruit; it must have time to ripen on the tree, since, if it be green-gathered, it will but wither afterwards." Yet, indisputable as was Dryden's acquaintance with the passions, and especially with the most soft and gentle of them all, he would doubtless have allowed that, in connexion with this particular one, the exception often proved the rule. Certainly, the exception proved the rule in the love passages that now began between Silas Todd and Jeanne Dubois—if that can be called Love which is only a simulation of the delicious fever. A simulation, because Silas did not love Jeanne and did not think

he was ever likely to do so; while Jeanne at this time loved only one thing in the world—herself.

Yet it has been told by masters of the art to him who writes this chronicle, that it is pleasant to sometimes imagine that Love exists, even in circumstances where it has not, and never could have, blossomed; and that the very make-believe, the very assumption of loving and being loved in return, is in itself a fascinating deception. Wherefore, and as shall now duly appear, the coquettings upon the parts of both Silas and Jeanne, while undertaken by each with an object, were in themselves vastly agreeable.

And soon—after they had met two or three times, and after Silas had brought to Jeanne the specific for a cough of which he had spoken (and which she had promptly flung into the road when his back was turned, since she had no cold nor cough whatever); soon they became on the best of terms and would go a-walking together at a discreet distance from the Rue Valois, or riding to pleasant haunts in the forests and woods round Paris, or eating meals, washed down with Tokay and Longueville, or Canary with a squeeze of Seville orange in it, at establishments which knew how to provide for their customers.

"Yet," said Jeanne one afternoon—while still the glorious weather lasted and while October, which had now arrived, was more like August than any other month, "I am in mortal fear. If Anatole knew what I am doing there would be murder."

"Why?" asked Silas, as they drove along towards the Pavillon Bernais in the Bois de Vincennes—at which place they meant to restore themselves with food and wine. "I have no wish to murder Anatole!"

"He may wish to murder you for stealing his love from him."

"With this by my side?" asked Silas, touching his sword-hilt—while the diamond flashed bravely as he did so! "I trow not."

"And then," continued Jeanne, "my father! What would he do! He would get you into the Bastille, somehow. He would! Especially as he cannot get all whom he wants of those *canaille*, the English."

"The English, eh? The English! What is to do with them now?" looking admiringly at her.

"What ways you have!" said Jeanne, turning her eyes on him—eyes in which, if

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there shone no dawning love, there was something very like it. "And you a Hollander! I did not know your countrymen understood how to make love. I would you were Anatole. Then, in truth, I should be happy."

"My mother was a Frenchwoman of old family," said Silas, lying like truth. "Perhaps I inherit the art from her. But, what were we saying? That your father was seeking more of those accursed English—you know we love them not, although they did take our Dutch stadtholder for king."

"They are mad, all mad!" cried Jeanne. "First they take your Dutchman—now they take a German, next they will perhaps take a Frenchman! Ah! those English!"

"Why does your father seek them though, *mignonne*? Does the great King take pleasure in supporting them, in turning his prisons into ordinaries and lodging-houses?"

"Nay, but the great King is now old—dying, they say. And—and—oh! the shame of it—and he a Frenchman! he fears still that they will make war on him again."

"He may well do so," thought Silas to himself, as he twisted the diamond about his finger. "We have done it effectually before." But, aloud, he said: "Yet why arrest them—and specially the poor Jacobites? They are so harmless here in France."

"Orders, requests," replied Jeanne, "do come from England, through their minister here. Oh! I have heard father talk about him, he is a poet and a wit—doubtless a wastrel, too. And, since the attempted murder of the German——"

"Murder of the German! By the Jacobites? Are they so bad as that?"

"In faith, they are. But they are known. Father knows them, and, specially, he seeks one, a wealthy man, they say, and young and *débonnaire*—who rode to Holland on the business. If he could find him—pschut!—they would clap him into the Bastille or Bicêtre, where—it may be—he would be forgotten—for many a long day."

"Would he now! Humph! Strange! I know some of these English dogs. What would his name be, pretty one?"

"Ah! how can I tell you, how recall these barbarous names they bear? Now if 'twas like thine, Todesheim, I might remember; yet, truly, I cannot do it.

Though, nevertheless, this man's name had a turn of French in it. What is it?"

"Pity you cannot," said "Todesheim." "Pity! I might play him into your father's hands and, thereby, put money in his purse."

"Oh! for that," said Jeanne, "no matter. He will find him, be sure. 'Twas but last night at supper after you had left me at the corner of the street—" and she slipped her hand in that of Silas, "he read out a description of the man; what he was like and what he wore. Let me recall. A rich suit of brown velvet is what he sometimes wears, with breeches of the same colour in satin—ay, 'twas that father said!—handsome lace and diamond rings——"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Silas, somewhat loudly and boisterously, too. "Now, see, Jeanne, thou mockest at me! Why laugh at thy adorer?"

"What!" exclaimed the girl, turning her blue eyes on him, "what do you mean, Todesheim? I mock at thee? Never!"

"Then thou art blind. Why! you describe me. Yet I am no Jacobite nor yet an Englishman. Nevertheless," again laughing loudly and pinching her cheek, "you describe my apparel."

"Oh!" said Jeanne, looking him all over, "and so I do. In truth I do! Why, Todesheim, think on it! The fellow wears clothes much as yours. Think on it! A rich suit of brown velvet gallooned, as father said——"

"Ay," exclaimed Silas, "just as father said. Think on't, say I, too. And the lace—observe, my dear," ruffling his Steinkirk and his cuffs even as he spoke, while still laughing boisterously and merrily, "for all the world as though I were that accursed Englishman! Is't not so?"

"And then, this," and she touched the diamond on his finger and laughed herself a little rippling laugh, Silas still leading the mirth. "Oh! 'tis droll. Fancy then, my Todesheim dressed just like the English imbecile even to the diamond—the diamond I admire so——"

Silas laughed so loud and long—Jeanne laughing merrily, too, at the quaint coincidence—that the driver in front of them looked round and grinned himself. "Oh, 'tis too much!" the former said again. "Just think, my Jeanne, if thy father had arrested me, deeming me that other, and then had dragged me to the Rue Valois. And if Jeanne had seen me arrested as the

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"WHO IS THIS MISERABLE ENGLISHWOMAN?" ASKED SILAS

English Jacobite, what would she have thought? Oh! oh! oh!"

Indeed, so laughable a coincidence did the whole thing seem, that never perhaps did two lovers draw up more gaily at the spot they had selected for their little feast than did those two. For neither could forget the coincidence of the Dutch gentleman, who happened to love the exempt's daughter, being apparessed exactly as was the English gentleman whom that exempt was seeking for with a view to his arrest.

Gay, indeed, they were, and with Jeanne coming perilously near to forgetting Anatole altogether and to falling head over ears in

love with the handsome Hollander who spent his money like water. Indeed, she was the more near to doing so since Todesheim had told her that the great diamond was to be hers. Hers! the property of the exempt's daughter, who, with the exception of a necklace or so and a posy ring, had never possessed a piece of jewellery in her life.

"Come," cried Silas to the drawer who waited on them, "come, a good meal. What! a trout, you say? Ay, and let it be a good one. Also a ragoût and a bird—some fruit, too, for madame, as well as bonbons and comfits. Wine! Will we have



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wine? Ay, indeed we will. What sayst, sweetheart? A flask of Muscadine, or Tokay; or one from the Moselle, brisked with a dash of palm? Give him thy orders, my dear. Let's be merry. 'Tis a poor heart never rejoices."

"I would," said Jeanne to Silas, "I were free to enjoy myself thus every day instead of being a prisoner in my father's house most days of the year."

"You a prisoner in your father's house," cried Silas. "Why! it seems to me that you are pretty free already."

"Free!" the girl cried, bitterly. "Ay! free to come and go—but what else? Have I not to wed the fool Anatole, because he is a thriving mercer; how, therefore, am I free? Never a denier nor sol have I to spend, nor may I order the dishes I love, nor drink of such as this," and she flicked the wine flask with her finger-nail. "Free! ay! as free as some women are free—as one woman I know of is free, over there," while, as she spoke, her glance directed that of Silas to the roof of a long, low building rising above some trees a quarter of a mile away.

"What place is that?" asked Silas, following her glance, though, as he did so, his heart stood still. For he knew well enough what place it was: he knew that it was the Château de Vincennes—a portion of the Prison de Vincennes. "And who are the women—who is the woman—you know of who, being there, is not free?" As he asked the question he filled her glass a little fuller, and bade her not spare the wine. "Money is made for spending when one has ample," he whispered.

Then again he asked, "Who are these women, this woman of whom you know?" feeling, even as he did so, a little tremor all over him.

"Oh! bah!" she cried; "what care I whether they be free or not!—specially as they have put money in father's pocket though none in mine. At least that woman has done so. And her I do not pity. Not I! She is another of those accursed English. Why pity her! If they were all sunk in the seas they ride so triumphantly over, I, for one, would not pity them."

"Who is this miserable Englishwoman?" asked Silas, smiling sweetly on the girl, yet feeling as though, if it were not for his manhood—and his desire for information!—he could throttle her where she sat. "Who is she?"

"A fig for her! She is a spy—a rat. Yet, father says, beautiful as the dawn. Though, since he thinks every woman that—except me!—such praise is but little. No matter, he trapped her all the same. He caught her at some inn she dwelt in while her lover was away; caught her, hoodwinked her into thinking that that lover was injured and lying broken at Vincennes. Thus he did it. And may she stay there till she dies."

"But why did thy father so trap this Englishwoman?" cried Silas.

"For money!" replied Jeanne, "for money! Is it not his trade? 'Tis for that, too, he seeks the Englishman who dares to dress like thee. And he will have him yet—oh! he will—"

"But the girl! the girl! What had she done?" exclaimed Silas.

"Done! She was a spy, I say. She spied on one who dwelt in the same house with her, an old man who is wealthy and deals in plots and politics and shaking thrones, and is himself, they say, a Jacobite. But wealthy, oh! as wealthy as thou art, my Todesheim. She crept about stairs and landings, it would appear, discovering that old man's secrets—and—and—he in his turn discovered hers. Wherefore, by the morrow he had a *lettre de cachet* for her. He has much influence!"

At last Silas had learned the secret of which he was in search, and soon they were on their homeward journey. But the glow had faded from the sunlight for Jeanne, and she vaguely felt that all was not well, although she could trace no change in her companion's manner.

### CHAPTER XV

"He is a soldier, yet, beshrew, he bears a brain!  
A man, and has a heart!"

"It was," said Silas Todd that evening, as he sat before his master and almost foster-brother in the little sitting-room in 'La Pomme d'Or' which had once been Rosamund's but was now Rupert's, since Anna Groesbeck had set out for England as the bearer of the news of Mr. Welby's unhappy death—"it was the last chance. For I had tried every other place. In truth, I had. To the inn outside Bicêtre I took her one day, as you know; to the one near La Pitié on another; to a third in the Quartier St. Antoine, hard by the Bastille,

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on still another, all in the hopes of making her speak, of awakening her recollection."

"Rosamund in Vincennes!" muttered Rupert, as he had muttered so often before since Silas had told him the story he had heard, "in Vincennes! And sent there by this scheming crafty wretch above. What can it mean?"

"It means," answered Silas, "that, being there, we must bend every effort to get her out of it. And the more especially so as you are also sought for. Be very sure they will have you ere long—since Gachette can put them on your track."

"Will they?" said Rupert. "I think not. Not now that I know I am sought for. Though—if I thought that I, also, should be sent to Vincennes I would allow myself to fall into the trap. Oh! what to do? what to do?"

"We must work the girl Jeanne—use her—somehow. We have spent much money on her. There must be something in return. Sir," he said, seeing Rupert still plunged in thought, "what comes to you? What strikes you?"

"You say she is covetous, money-loving—fond of gauds and glitter. That this diamond," and Rupert pointed to the jewel which still adorned Silas's manly finger, "excites her envy. Well! she should have it and more—far more—if she would—if she could—help me to rescue my sweet girl."

"Have a false one made, an imitation one, and give her that," exclaimed Silas. "That would be good enough for her. Does she not hate all our nation—did she not say she hoped Mistress Rosamund might die in prison?"

"Nay! nay! That must not be done. If she could indeed help us I would give her enough to make her rich for life. A thousand, two thousand, louis d'or."

"She would sell her soul for a hundredth part," said Silas. "I know her. Let us think."

And think they did while sitting on either side of the table and having the great sconce with its numerous white wax-candles shining between them.

Yet, at first, Rupert could think of only one thing, namely, of what must be the state of mind of his beloved Rosamund—a prisoner now in Vincennes! A prisoner because, as this exempt's daughter had said, she had spied upon Gachette's movements, had crept about staircases and landings listening to and overhearing the secrets of plots and

schemes. Yet he knew, too, that this was not so; he knew well enough that it was not Rosamund who had thus crept, but, instead, Anna Groesbeck.

Anna Groesbeck who, descending once those stairs from the garret still higher than the room Gachette lived in (a garret which the landlord had placed at their disposal for the bestowal of their heavier baggage, as well as some of Mr. Welby's), had once seen Leicester North creeping into the old man's apartments and, from that moment, had had her suspicions aroused. They had been thus aroused because she had long since, in Holles Street, taken the measure of that young man's maddened enthusiasm, and had perceived him to be one who, in the hands of others more crafty and subtle than himself, might easily be used as a tool for the perpetration of any unholy deed. While, as to what she had overheard on the night of August the 31st (and she had heard all!) when, wrapped in Rosamund's long riding-hood which she happened to have snatched up and thrown over her own shoulders ere proceeding to the Poste Bureau to despatch some letters—had it not all been fully narrated to him, Rupert?

"Ay, she did tell me," Rupert thought now, remembering how she had told him of what was being planned against the new King of England as he made the journey from his Hanoverian dominions to England, "indeed she did. She sent me the letter by a swift messenger which told me all of what these knaves were doing—these craven hounds who call themselves Jacobites! The letter that brought me to her to hear all—that prompted me to ride in advance of them—to forestall them—to anticipate, if might be, their dirty, hireling work. The letter that caused me to swear that, if George Lewis, the Elector, was to fall, at least it should not be by their bribed hands. Yet, fortunately for him, it was not to be!

"And thus," he continued, musing to himself, while even as he did so he observed that Silas was himself deep in meditation, as his knitted brows showed plainly enough, "and thus my Rosamund has been snared, that scheming old vagabond deeming it was she who had discovered their plot. While, to silence all, I, too, am to be trapped. Trapped, am I? Well! we will see for that."

"Silas," he said at last, speaking so unexpectedly that the other started and looked at him, "let us consider together



as to what we have to do. Now, the first thing is to get Rosamund out of Vincennes. That we both understand, is it not so?"

"Tis on that I think," muttered Silas, while a finger with which he was tracing lines upon the tablecloth paused in its movement. "On that and other things."

"Such things being—?"

"A many. As thus. Firstly—after the salvation of Mistress Rosamund—that being above all things the first—to keep you out of prison, the which there is much necessity for. Then next—" and there came a shrewd smile on Silas's handsome face, "yes, next—"

"Well, what next?"

"The getting of that accursed Gachette into one." And Silas thumped his fist so heavily on the table that the glass from which he was drinking jumped and rattled. "To sink him. That, master, is what we have to do. For, with him out of the way, with him safe in one of the towers of the Bastille or in the prison at La Tournelle itself—La Tournelle for choice, because they say it is the most miserable of all, and that captives soon die there!—we should not be interfered with."

"But before all we must work for Rosamund's release."

"That before all. Yet, also, let us not forget Gachette. Master Rupert," he said suddenly, "there should be some strange matter within that old man's apartment, could we but come at it."

"Ay, indeed there should," Rupert answered. "Yet what could we find that we do not know of already? He is a scheming plotter—well! that we know. And worst of all, he has sent Rosamund to a prison. And for that—"

"For that we are going to sink and confound him. But—first—first—oh! if we could but see light!"

"Ah! first to save, to release, Rosamund. I will have no efforts directed to aught else but that."

"Yes, master, yes. But we might do it through that old man and his room if we could but get into it. Yet, 'twould be hard to do. And the girl who loves money and diamonds too. Oh! we will use her yet. Never fear."

"If," said Rupert, speaking now upon a subject he had turned over in his mind for some time, "if I went to see Matt Prior—our minister. He is recalled, but Lord Stair is not yet come—"

"Nay, nay. It would be ruin to you. If the Embassy has given orders to seek for you, if the exempts have your description, it can only be because you are known to have ridden to Holland on the matter of slaying the new King. While, remember, we are face to face with one terrible thing. They may be here at any moment to take you; they may be coming now at this moment—"

"Let them come!" cried Rupert; "I have this," and he touched the sheath of his rapier gently with his foot as it stood by the table. "Before they take me there will be some blood-letting done. Yet," he continued, "I must not be taken either. Rosamund must be freed."

"She must indeed. But, sir, does nothing strike you as to how you yourself may be free to thereby free her? Think—reflect."

"What do you mean?"

"Your description has been given as that of a man of about—well! say—of my age. A man wearing a brown suit and—and—wearing also a great diamond. A man clad in satin breeches and adorned with rich lace—much as I am; one who is somewhat tall and, though I like not to pronounce it, well-favoured. While brisk and merry Jeanne has already had it borne in upon her that that description fits me—me, her adorable Todesheim. Todesheim, the rich and prosperous burgher—Cyrillo Todesheim I call myself, not knowing what is the Dutch for Silas, but feeling perfectly sure that neither does she know it herself—Cyrillo Todesheim! Oh! a sweet name."

"Well!" exclaimed Rupert, "well! still I am all in a maze. For, even if you passed for me—which is what I see you are driving at—what good is done? You are taken and I am free—but Rosamund is not, nor any nearer to being so."

"You said," observed Silas, "that Jeanne should have a thousand louis d'or if she would help in freeing Mistress Rosamund. Now—have you those thousand pieces at hand? 'Tis a large sum, to be sure—but—still—have you them?"

"I could have them by to-morrow. Bernard, the banker of the French noblesse, has all the money of the Jacobites who are now in Paris in his keeping—when they have any!—he being in much intercourse with Child and Sir Matthew Decker, the London bankers. And he has orders from Sir Matthew to honour all my bills and drafts."

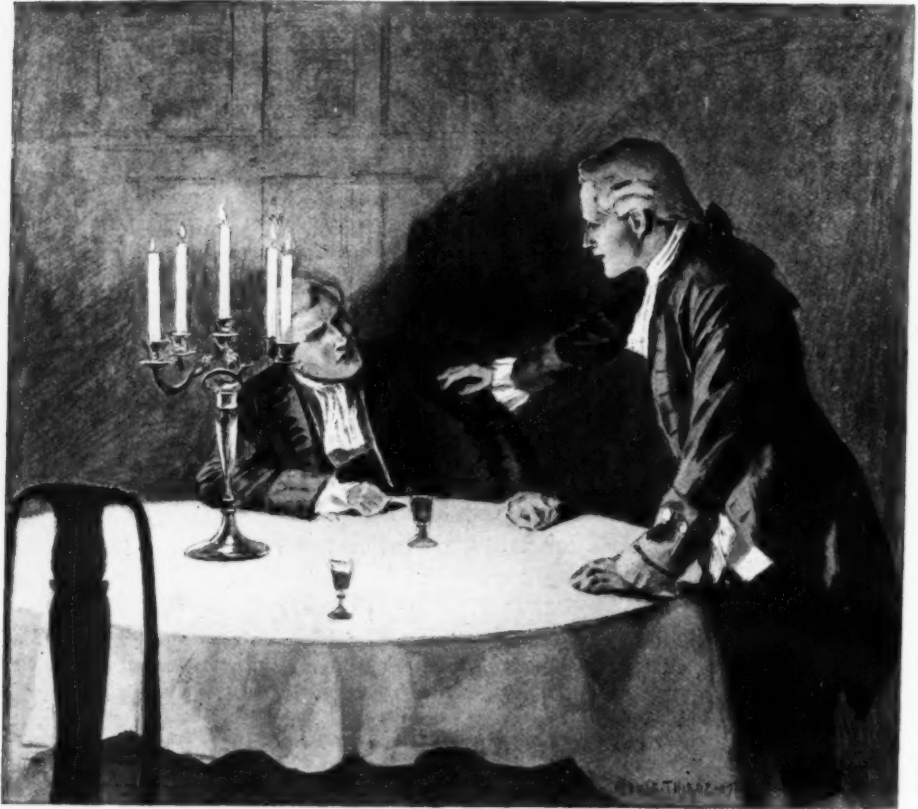
## The Intriguers

"Then," said Silas, "to-morrow I will have those pieces, or bills equivalent, in my pocket—those of Bernard will do very well, so that they can be shown—and to-morrow I will be Rupert Frayne's friend for a few days, for two or three days at most—or, perhaps, I will be that person himself. Indeed, on second thoughts I will, perhaps, be you."

"And the true Rupert Frayne! What is to become of him?"

"But how? How? I must know more ere I consent to let you play this part, Silas. Think of the peril you run!"

"I run none at all. None. Yet if you will know; here is my scheme. I will go and see Jeanne. I have a meeting with her to-morrow at mid-day, Anatole being, as the good Fates will have it, ill a-bed of the measles. It is truly the kind of complaint such a foolish fellow as Anatole would



"YOU TAKE ME?" RUPERT SAID, AS HE ADVANCED ROUND THE TABLE

"He is to go into retreat, to do anything he chooses. To, if he will, find out the exact spot in Vincennes where Mistress Rosamund is kept, so that—ere long—we will have her out of it by hook or by crook. Out and free—and off to England, all of us together."

"You think that can be done; that you can do it?"

"I am sure the thousand louis I'or can do it."

be like to have! Still, for that no matter. I will go and see Jeanne, I say. And then there shall be weeping—weeping on my part," continued Silas. "For now I have to do that which is painful to a true-hearted, honourable man. I have to bare my bosom before the cherished idol of my soul, to tell her that I have deceived her—if I could but squeeze out a tear or so it would be very well, only I misdoubt me of the feat! I must, alas! confess the truth and acknow-

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ledge that I am no honest Netherlander named Cyrillo Todesheim, but, instead, a ruffian known to the world as Rupert Frayne. Oh! 'twill wring her heart."

"But to what end? To cause yourself to be arrested in my place, perhaps! For pity's sake jest not, Silas."

"Arrested!" repeated Silas, "arrested! What! do you think my incomparable Jeanne would let a thousand gold louis d'or, or a thousand louis d'or in old Bernard's bills, be arrested? Also a large, substantial diamond ring! Nay! never fear. At least, not so long as she knows me to have the money about me."

"Then," said Rupert, "it saves me from arrest, 'tis true, while for yourself, you, too, are safe, since Jeanne will not apparently sacrifice you. But Rosamund!—Rosamund!—We get no nearer to releasing her from her hideous captivity. Oh! my sweet girl."

"I think we do," said Silas, speaking almost gravely. "Honour bright we do. For I have remembered that, when I conveyed Jeanne home this afternoon, she told me she was not desirous of being seen by any in Vincennes if such a thing could be avoided. 'For,' said she, 'I have cousins here, in a good way of trade, the head of the family being the master mason of the town.' And," continued Silas slowly, "she did also say that this cousin fellow, the master mason, was about to be called into the Château of Vincennes to repair the roof, which it seems is in disrepair all over."

"The roof in disrepair all over!" exclaimed Rupert, while as he spoke he rose to his feet and looked across the table at Silas. "The roof in disrepair all over and—this master mason is to be called in to

mend and repair it. Silas!" he cried, "Silas!" and his handsome face regained the brightness it had always worn until the last weeks or so, "I re-echo your words, I repeat them to you. I ask you if anything strikes you—if anything comes to you?"

"Why, yes, indeed," Silas replied; "as is but natural something should do. It strikes me that old Bernard is a very good banker and that his bills are as good as golden louis, and, likewise, it strikes me that a thousand of such louis make a large sum. A sum," he added, while now the eyes of each of the young men were looking deeply into those of the other across the table, "a sum capable of being divided, and of, in such division, making still a handsome sum—a moiety worth having."

"You take me?" Rupert said, as he advanced round the table now and laid a hand quivering with emotion upon the other's arm, "you take me, you understand my thoughts, as I understand yours? Is it not so, Silas, old comrade?"

"Be very sure it is. What!" and now Silas took Rupert's hand gently from off his sleeve while, lifting it to his lips, he kissed it. "What! did one of us ever go a bird's-nesting without the other being close by? What!" and the two handsome faces were very close together at this moment; "did one of us ever climb high, even though the height was that of a church steeple or—or—shall—we—say—a castle's roof, without the other being by to help him? Say, master, did we?"

"Never, dear friend and comrade."

"Ay," whispered Silas, "and never will!"

Then, because something moved each of them deeply, each saw that there were tears in the other's eyes.

(To be continued.)

## Servants of the Public

BY GERTRUDE BACON

### III.—The Station-master

*With Original Illustrations from photographs by the Author*

IN the year 1676 one Roger North went to Newcastle on a visit to his brother Lord Guildford; and in a description which he left of the curiosities of the neighbourhood he made special mention of what

he styled the "way leaves." "When men," he wrote, "have pieces of ground between the colliery and the river, they sell leave to lead coals over the ground, and so dear that the owner of a rood of ground will expect

## Servants of the Public

£20 per annum for this leave. The manner of the carriage is by laying rails of timber from the colliery down to the river, exactly straight and parallel, and bulky carts are made with four rowlets fitting these rails, whereby the carriage is so easy that one horse will draw four or five chaldrons of coals, and is of immense benefit to the coal merchants."

In this simple contrivance of by-gone time we may trace the germs of an idea which, two hundred years later, has covered the length and breadth of England, as also the whole civilised world, with the iron

engine, compound of wood and iron, rust and whitewash, which in the following year, with much snorting and clanking, drew a load of iron at five miles an hour to the Navigation from the Penydarren Works for a wager of £1000.

As might be expected, a perfect storm of indignant protest followed the proposed introduction of the new mode of travel, and the reasons urged against it were as ingenious as they were wonderful. Doctors said that the air of damp tunnels, the deafening peals, the clanking chains, and dismal glare could not fail to speedily undermine the strongest constitution.

Sportsmen declared the poisonous breath of the engines would kill all the game. Farmers averred that the hens would refuse to lay, the cows to graze, and that the smoke would infallibly ruin the fleeces of the sheep. Innkeepers and dealers were positive that the breed of horses would shortly become extinct, and even the dignified authorities of Eton College raised objection against the coming of the Great Western, protesting that anybody acquainted with the nature of Eton boys would know that it would be perfectly impossible to keep



A COUNTRY STATION

network of the railways. Given the conception of the parallel rails and the step which substituted mechanical for horse traction was but a natural one. Stationary engines, in fact, were used at collieries to drag laden trucks up and down short distances of tramway many years before the opening of either the Stockton and Darlington or the Manchester and Liverpool lines, which are both rivals for the honour of being the first of railways. Another and far older claimant, however, is the Merthyr Tydvil Tramway, which proudly boasts of its Act of Parliament granted as far back as 1803, and of the fearful and marvellous

them off the rails.

All this sounds quaint and amusing enough to us now—seventy years later—and yet let us not flatter ourselves that we are, in this matter, much wiser than were our grandfathers, or that the objections we are still so fond of raising to every fresh invention will not read as foolish and ignorant to our grandchildren. It is to be feared that we have not wholly shaken off the bonds of narrow-minded conservatism—taken in the broadest sense—which still cling about the English nation, and hamper its onward progress.

In two previous papers on the servants



of the railways we have dealt with the life and life-work of those two most important and trusted men, the Engine-driver and the Signaller. There remain to be mentioned a perfect army of equally or scarcely less important officials who, for economy of space, we may combine together under the heading of their rightful leader the Station-master. And first as to that all-powerful personage himself, that grave, alert, courteous chief who, in gold-laced cap or glossy top hat, is ever at hand to hear our grievances, settle our disputes, and help us in our difficulties to the utmost extent of his power.

What the Captain is to the ship at sea, that the Station-master is to the station and all that appertains to it. Within his jurisdiction his power is absolute. He, and he alone, is answerable for the care of the Company's property, for the staff within his station, whether permanent or temporary, for the signalling of the trains, their starting and running, for the tickets and money received for them, and the safety and convenience of the passengers and their baggage. In a fair-sized station he may have under him some twenty clerks, an equal number of guards, thirty porters, forty-five signalmen, a dozen men and boys in the parcels office, and in addition a



THREADING THE COMMUNICATION CORD

small army of lamp-men, carriage-cleaners, shunters, etc., numbering perhaps some two hundred in all. The money under his care, for wages and from the sale of tickets, may be many thousands of pounds, and the responsibility involved in the care of life and property is not to be estimated.

To illustrate our point let us select a few figures—compiled from recent returns—of work at various railway centres. One of the most important provincial stations in all England is York. Into this station seven distinct companies run their lines, a proud, albeit an uncomfortable, distinction shared by Carlisle alone. To make due connexion between the various companies is a gigantic task, which, when trains are late, becomes herculean. Take but one example. The Scotch day express leaving King's Cross at 10 a.m., and run in two portions in summer time, is due at York at 1.45, and to connect with it come nine trains from Hull, from Scarborough, from Wetherby, from the Great Central, from Leeds, from Harrogate, from the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, and from the London and North-Western; while between 1.55 and 3.30 eight expresses leave York for Newcastle alone.

Three years ago last summer the number of trains daily arriving in York on week-



THE TICKET-COLLECTOR

## Servants of the Public \*

days was 150, departing 151, making a total of 301 altogether.

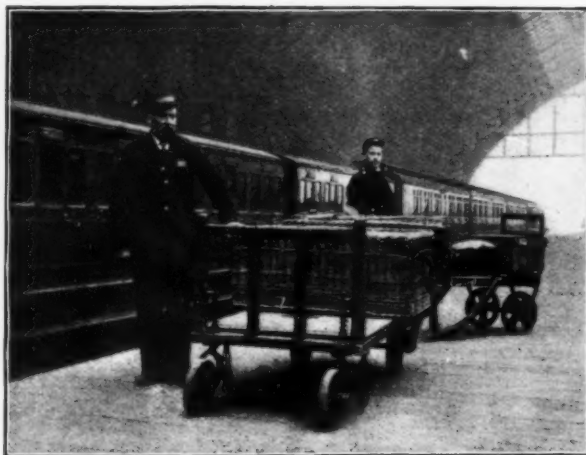
Nor is this all. The sum total of the daily work is liable at times to be enormously augmented in the holiday season, when large excursions are organised at frequent intervals. In 1898, for example, Bass's employes went to Scarborough in fifteen loaded trains, following each other at intervals of ten minutes, passing through York in the morning, and returning the same evening. This, in addition to the ordinary routine. Take another great station—a London terminus this time—Liverpool Street. One summer day recently, the tickets issued at its booking-offices were 40,300, which number, of course, does not include the "seasons" and "returns" also used on that occasion. To give some notion of the amount of passenger traffic which flows daily in and out of the doors of this popular terminus, careful count was once kept on an ordinary weekday—October 18, 1898—when no special event was forward to swell the returns, and it was found that 67,210 people arrived at, and 69,335 departed from the crowded platforms, making a total of 136,545 souls using the station in twenty-four hours.

Alongside this last paragraph it may be somewhat curious and instructive to place a quotation from *John Bull*, a London newspaper published in 1835, a year when railway locomotion was just struggling into being: "Does any one mean to say that decent people, passengers who could use their own carriages, and are accustomed to

their own comforts, would consent to be hurried through the air upon a railroad from which, had a lazy school-boy left a marble or a wicked one a stone, they would be pitched off their perilous track into the valley beneath? Or is it to be imagined that women who may like the fun of being whirled away on a party of pleasure for an hour to see a sight, would endure the fatigue and misery and danger, not only to themselves but to their children and families, of being dragged through the air at twenty miles an hour, all their lives being at the mercy of a tin pipe or a copper boiler or the accidental dropping of a pebble on the line of way?"

Can the writer of the above—now long since gathered to his fathers—have, even in his wildest nightmares, pictured the scene at a great London terminus one busy morning of a working day? Take St. Pancras, the handsomest station in London, whose gigantic roof contains two and a half acres of glass. It is five minutes past nine by the great clock on the south wall—the hands of which move visibly as you watch them; and the 9.30 Edinburgh Express is making ready for its journey. It is as yet too soon for many passengers to have made their appearance, though a few early arrivals are already beginning to cluster on the platforms. But the red-coated Post Office official is there with his great letter-baskets, only a couple of them, for this is not a special mail train, and the porters have begun wheeling up the high-piled hand-trucks of luggage.

The last finishing touches are being added to the train. The water supply for the carriages is brought round in a tank on wheels with a long hose attached; the final details for the luxurious dining-car are being completed. A porter is threading the communication cord under the eaves the whole length of the train. Soon as the crowd grows rapidly about the open doors the Ticket-inspector makes his appearance, punch in hand. This functionary's duties have also been evolved by natural process as the needs of increasing traffic have demanded. Once upon a time, long ago, on certain lines, passengers



A POST-OFFICE OFFICIAL AND MAIL BASKETS



## Servants of the Public



THE ARRIVAL PLATFORM, ST. PANCRAS

the long train of empty coaches had slowly backed into the station the Guard had been waiting on the platform to assume his charge of it. He has a run of four hundred miles before him, and he is duly equipped for his journey. In one hand he carries a small black bag with his neatly-rolled, green signal-flag passed through the handles. In

wishing to travel by train were required to give, and, if desired, spell their names to the booking-clerk in order that they might be written out in full on large green paper tickets. A little later metal tickets about the size of a four-shilling bit were used, and on them were engraved the names of the stations travellers wished to go to. When the destination was reached these tokens were collected in a leather pouch and taken back to the starting-point to be used again.

All this while the most important man on the train—the driver only excepted—has been walking up and down the length of the carriages, or holding earnest converse with the Station-master or other important officials. Before ever

the other is his lantern, for though it is early morning now it will be dark ere his day's work is done. He is holding, besides, the ruled notebook, his "Log," in which he must enter the stations stopped at, the times of departure and arrival, details of the number of coaches attached and detached,



READY FOR THE DAY'S WORK (ST. PANCRAS)

## Servants of the Public



GUARD READY TO START

and so forth; while over his shoulder he bears his thick-lined overcoat, for which he will have ample use later on.

An all-important man is the Guard, and all-important are his duties. He must satisfy himself, before starting, and during the journey, that his train is properly loaded, marshalled, coupled, lamped, greased and sheeted; and that the brakes are in good working order. He must attend to every detail of its management at the stations called at. He is responsible for all luggage and parcels, their sorting and due delivery. He is responsible also for his passengers' comfort and safety. He is ever at hand to take beneath his care the child travelling alone, to reassure nervous old ladies, and soothe the irate old gentlemen. He is at once firm and conciliatory, courteous and dignified, ubiquitous and energetic as befits his calling. As may be supposed, a Guard is a much-travelled man, and, indeed, the records of some old guards who have been long in the Company's service are not a little remarkable. It may readily be calculated that, taking an average of 300 miles as a day's run, and counting six days to the week, a journey of 93,600 miles in the year is arrived at; while in 25 years, at this rate, a guard will have travelled

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1,330,000 miles, or, in other words, will have accomplished what is equivalent to three whole journeys to the moon and back.

In the early days of railways the guards or "brakesmen" had no vans to ride in, but had to find places on the tops of the carriages, among the loaded trucks, or anywhere where they could stow themselves. It was small compensation for the discomforts to which they were thus subjected, that in the ancient "first-class and mail" trains they were made gorgeous with scarlet cloaks. In former times, too, when a loaded train was running down an incline they were bound to scramble or jump from one waggon to another to put the brakes on—to the no small risk of their lives and limbs. And *à propos* of brakes, the true story may here once more be related of how a disaster was once averted in a very remarkable manner, and by wholly mysterious means never fully explained. Not so many years ago, just outside Waterloo Station, a light engine ran into a passenger train, and damage was done both to the rolling stock and to the permanent way. Yet disastrous as the accident was, it would certainly have been infinitely more serious and involved great loss of life, had it not happened that by a quick application



A G. W. R. TERMINUS

of the automatic vacuum brake the passenger train was so pulled up as to reduce the collision force almost to a minimum. Yet when inquiry was made into the circumstances, it was discovered that no one knew how the brake had been applied. Neither the driver nor the guards had done it, nor was the brake-pipe severed to have automatically effected it. Nevertheless, the valve in the rear guard's van flew open, and the brake went on the gauges on the engine and in the vans, almost, as it seemed to the astonished beholders, as if some unseen hand had grasped the lever and averted the shock.

Hear another tale of disaster narrowly averted, this time by the promptitude and foresight of the railway servants concerned. One dark night a heavily-laden train of twenty-four coal waggons was approaching a station upon a single line of rail. In its course the train had first to descend a gentle gradient for five miles, then run a mile on the level, and then descend again for six miles to the station. At the station it was to stop to let another train pass. But after running along the level and preparing to descend the second slope, the engine-driver suddenly began to suspect, from the behaviour of his brake, that all was not right with his train. It was too dark to see from the engine, but clambering over the tender he was horrified to discover that four waggons only were attached to it, the remaining twenty having broken away. What was to be done? Clearly a terrible accident was imminent, for the disconnected trucks would gather speed down the slopes and crash wildly into anything they might meet. Putting on all the pace he could, the driver ran into the station, and, as the points were so set, into the siding. Then, leaving his engine, he rushed to the Station-master's house and thundered at the door till the astonished official rushed forth in his night-cap.

It was impossible to divert the runaway on to the siding, for that was already blocked, and to allow it to continue its course down the line would entail an awful collision with the approaching train. The situation was desperate, and demanded desperate remedy. "Turn them into the river!" cried the Station-master, and quick as thought the men rushed forward and spiked the "back road" points, and put metal "chairs," which happened to be at hand, upon the rails. And only just in



THE WATER SUPPLY

time. There was a terrific crash, and the rails were strewn with *débris*. Then, with trembling hearts, the men commenced to search the wreck, for did they not know that at the end of the tail of trucks was the van with the two guards? and they dreaded what they might find.

But to their astonishment no guards' van was there; and even as they wondered they heard its advancing wheels, and shortly after it drew up gently beside them. Then the guards told their tale. While running over the level mile they had noticed they were travelling too fast, and on examining, discovered they had broken away. Their first fear was of running into their own engine, and they clambered from truck to truck to put the brakes on, but with the momentum they had acquired their efforts were of small avail.

Then they resolved to jump, and had actually bidden each other good-bye, when the head guard was seized with an inspiration. They succeeded in knocking a hole in the side of the van, just over the coupling. Then while one man eased off the van brake the other knocked out the bolt which attached them to the truck next ahead. Once clear of the waggons their own brake sufficed to bring them to a stand.

Station-masters, guards, and drivers alike

## Servants of the Public

are liable to be called upon for quick decisions, and to take matters into their own hands when the safety of the passengers is concerned. Two or three winters ago the travellers to Penzance one day were astonished at finding their train stopped at Marazion, the station before, and themselves requested to make the rest of their way in a procession of carriages provided by the Company.

As all visitors to Penzance know, the railway for the last couple of miles runs along the very edge of the sea, and in places upon a viaduct, about the supports of which the water actually washes. On this occasion a terrible south-west gale had been raging for many hours, and to avoid all possible risk they had adopted the plan referred to.



THE VIADUCT OVER THE SEA, PENZANCE

officials take their stand. Sometimes their position may be a risky one, for in the event of the plough being suddenly pulled up by a great weight of snow ahead, the engine behind will mount on the top and crash down upon them.

Verily, times have altered since the vain tirade we have quoted was penned.

Gone is the bluff, blustering, red-faced, hard-headed, hard-drinking race of post-boys, coachmen, guards; gone with the spanking teams and the lumbering vehicles. And in their place has risen a sober, intelligent, industrious, genial body of men, with all the virtues and fewer of the vices of their forbears, whom we as a nation may be proud to reckon as Servants of the Public.



A SNOW-PLOUGH

# A True Blue<sup>1</sup>

BY SHAN F. BULLOCK

LATE, one November night, came a knocking at the Minister's door. His wife, lying sleepless beside him, fighting the pain which made her life so hard, heard the knocking first, the sound of it rising hollow through the darkness; but she did not wake him, for he had been far in the day and was weary. Let him sleep; the morning will do, she thought: and held her breath, striving, you might think, to hush the sound. But the knocking continued, louder, harsher; and with that she laid a hand upon his shoulder and shook him gently.

"James," she said. "James! James! There's some one calling."

Her voice woke him instantly. Again the knocking sounded in the darkness. Quickly he rose, lit the candle, and dressed himself. "Has it been long, Mary?" he asked.

"No; not very long. Oh, I hope it's nothing serious. It's so cold and dark."

The Minister did not answer. He was wondering who had called. Cold and darkness were nothing; somewhere a soul was waiting.

"Wrap yourself warm, James. Perhaps you need not go to-night. You'll find candles in the hall," she called through the open doorway; then lay quiet and listening. She heard him go down the stairs; heard the bolt clatter back; heard a murmur of voices; heard his footsteps once more on the stairs.

"Who is it?" she said, eagerly watching his face.

He put down the candle and fetched the wraps that always hung ready. "It's poor old Bryan of Gool. He's dying."

"He! And you're going, James?"

"Yes, Mary. He wants me."

"But, James—"

"My dear, he wants me. I must go." He came and kissed her; bade her be patient and commended her to the care of God; then, leaving the candle burning, hurried away. And, as he went, her spirit kept him company.

Outside in the darkness and cold, a man stood waiting by the gate; together they

went down the avenue and through the wood, and came to a boat that lay by the shore. The Minister stepped in and sat down in the stern; the man pushed off and took the oars; swiftly the boat shot out upon the lake and headed for the wilds of Gool.

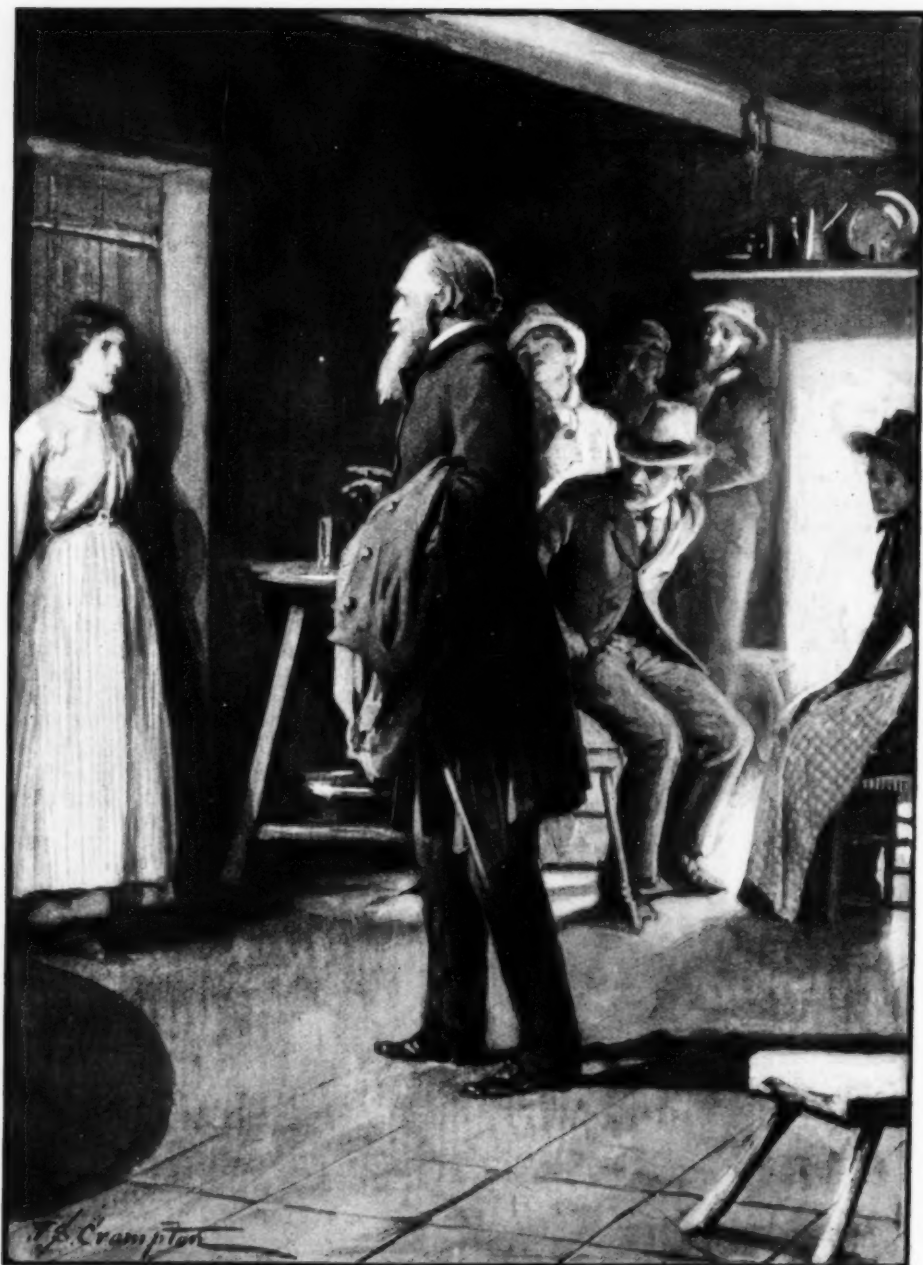
It was very dark. Great clouds hung low beneath the stars. A sharp wind drove from the north and swept dolefully in among the trees. On this hand stretched the lone blackness of waters, hungering for a life; on that lay the long rampart of the shore echoing back the clank of oars; away in front were miles of water, studded thick with wooded islands; among the trees, on the hillside, a candle shone out. The Minister turned to look at the light; then, whispering a prayer, wrapped closer his cloak and bent his head to face the bitter wind. It was searching cold; but the candle-light warmed him, and in the flow of thought that came he forgot the cold. Always, one remembers, he had that gift of losing himself, of forgetting his body: now, out on the lake, closed in by the night, he sat like one asleep, looking straight before him past that silent figure swaying on the thwart, out into the gloom.

He wondered much, not that Bryan should call, but that Bryan should call him. He was glad; he prayed God that he should be in time; yet the man in him wondered. How often had he tried and failed; been beaten off as with stinging whips! Nothing had availed, no patience, no persistence; always he had failed. The man seemed hopeless, inhumanly wicked: blasphemous, foul-mouthed, unprincipled. Himself he had treated as an enemy and used vilely. In all the parish was none so wicked, in the world could be few that matched him. That evil old face, seamed and lined, brimming with evil; that great loose mouth with its horrible tongue; the leering eyes, the crooked smile, the knotted hands: how the man was burnt into his brain. He saw him now and heard him; remembered all he had said and done. There he stood crouched in the doorway, setting the dogs on "the Papish Minister." There he sat

<sup>1</sup> Copyright in the United States of America by Shan F. Bullock.



## A True Blue



"AM I IN TIME?" ASKED THE MINISTER

by the hearth, doubled over his knees and spreading his hands to the blaze, leering round sometimes, and speaking horribly

with a cackle of laughter. Now he looked up from a pew, scoffing even in God's house; now broke into a ribald song or a

mockery of prayer. "The Papish Minister:" 'twas Bryan who first had called him that, God knew how cruelly. . . . And now he was dying, and he called him. "Bring me the Minister from Curleck," he had said; and would take no denial. It made joyful hearing. He was very glad. He prayed God that he should be in time. Yet, sometimes on the way, wrapped in by the darkness, the man in him wondered.

They came at last to the wilds of Gool; landed, pulled high the boat, and turned up through the dreary fields. The path was deep in mire; right and left ran the gaunt bare hedges beaten by the wind; nothing alive stirred in the darkness, and in it burnt a single light, up on the hillside, in a window of Bryan's house. Just a glimmer in the blackness—only that; yet towards it the Minister strode breathlessly, splattered to the beard.

They went through a gap, down a trampled lane, across a noisome yard; without halt or ceremony, it being no time for either, lifted the latch and entered the kitchen. A lamp burnt on the wall; a peat fire blazed on the hearth; here and there upon stools and chairs, about the tiled floor, sat men and women, smoke-dried natives of the wilds, who, at sight of the Minister, shuffled to their feet and silently eyed him. They owed him little; many, as he well knew, distrusted him; he bade them Good-night, then crossed the floor and spoke to a woman who stood with her back to a closed door.

"Am I in time?" asked the Minister.

"Yes, sir." The woman turned to the door; hesitated in turning the handle; looked round. "He's very strange, sir," she whispered. "I don't know what to make of him. He's dyin', but—"

A voice rose beyond the door. "Is that the Minister?" it said. "Bring him to me—bring him to me." And with that the woman opened the door and the Minister passed through.

It was a small, low-ceiled room, bare of ornament or comfort; stuffy and lighted with a single candle flickering upon a table. Facing the door was a little square window; below it stood a painted chair, and beside the chair, stretching along the whitewashed wall, a narrow bed upon which Bryan lay dying.

He was a wizened old man, grizzled and unshaven, with a square face and great loose mouth; a little Ancient, hunched and broken, propped against a pillow, his hands

lying upon the blue and white counterpane, and a woollen nightcap on his head. Death was surely near to him. His face was grey, his breath unsteady. But he was unmastered yet; and he lay arrayed as for a festival. Across his shoulders was a brilliant orange and blue sash with a rosette flaming upon it; around his throat was knotted an orange scarf; facing him, and propped against the bed-foot, stood a gaudy print of William III. on his famous white charger, in a walnut frame. So, a strange and pitiful spectacle, he lay, his eyes fast on the Minister, a grim smile on his face; and, by the bed-foot, the Minister stood looking at him, dumb with amaze. Was it for this he had been called? For this!

In a minute Bryan raised a hand and pointed at the chair.

"Come over an' sit down," he said. "I want to speak to ye."

The Minister put his hat upon the table and sat down.

"Ye didn't expect to find me like this," Bryan continued, only his face revealing the presence of death. "Naw. Ye thought to find me cryin' about my sins, an' askin' your pardon, an' ready for your prayers. Ay. Aw, to be sure." He laughed, with his eyes on the bed-foot; then plucked at the scarf and looked round. "I suppose you've brought cross and holy water," he said. "You'd like to confess me, maybe?"

The Minister said nothing, but his lips kept moving.

"The Papish Minister," Bryan continued. "That's the name I gave ye once on a time—an' now you're here to see the end o' me. Ay. When they said I was doomed an' wanted advice I sent for ye. 'Bring the Papish Minister,' says I; 'till I show him how a True Blue can die.' An' here I am. Look at me. Here I am."

The Minister sat quiet, his lips moving.

"You're prayin' there," Bryan went on; "but I want no prayin'. I'm sure, sir. True Blues are always sure. I fear nothin'. If I'm to die, I'm to die; and the Lord 'll think no worse o' me for dyin' as I've lived. *Orange and blue*: there's me principles. *Queen an' country*: there's me sentiments. *The glorious, pious an' immortal memory*: them's the words o' me creed, an' I'll die shoutin' them. Good boy, good boy," cried Bryan, striving to sit upright, and waving a hand towards the bed-foot. "Ye kicked the Pope, boy. Ye freed us o' brass money an' wooden shoes. Good boy, good boy,"

## A True Blue

he cried, then broke into pitiful quavering of an Orange song:

*"July the first, at Oldbridge town  
There was a grievous battle,  
Where many men lay on the groun',  
An' cannons they did rattle."*

"That's it . . . That's it . . . An' cannons they did—" His voice trailed out. Cold sweat broke upon his forehead. He sank back upon the pillows, panting for life; and as he sank the picture toppled forward on his feet.

sound of the Minister's voice, full and musical, rich with pity and emotion; nothing stirred outside in the big dark world, save the wind moaning round the window.

Much and long he read, from the Psalms and the Prophets, from the Gospels and the Epistles, choosing passages here and there, and simple verses, and chapters that told of God's love to sinful men. Sometimes he stopped to explain a word; and then Bryan nodded, saying, "Ay, ay." Sometimes before turning a page he looked up; and Bryan nodded again, saying, "Give me



"HOLD ME," SAID BRYAN. "GRIP ME TIGHT. KEEP ME—KEEP ME"

Then the Minister rose. Gently he raised the old man's head and wiped his face; brought water and moistened his lips; straightened the pillow and smoothed the bedclothes; then arranged the sash on Bryan's shoulder, and loosened the scarf about his throat, and lifted the fallen picture and stood it against the bed-foot. Silently Bryan lay watching him, a softer light in his eyes, a calmer look upon his face; silently lay listening to the Minister as he sat by the candle reading softly from his pocket Bible.

No sound was in the house, save the

more. Give me more." At last he laid the Bible by the candle, knelt by the bedside and prayed.

He was not eloquent; words came slowly, but they came from his heart, alive and earnest. Outside in the kitchen the watchers heard him, and sat with bowed heads. By the door Bryan's daughter knelt listening, her face in her hands. Through the darkness the wind mourned and cried, creeping about the window with dreary voice. In the shadow Bryan lay hearkening, hands folded across the orange sash, eyes closed, peace upon his withering face.

In a while the Minister rose, and bending across the bed, smoothed Bryan's pillow and spoke.

"Are you comfortable, Bryan?"

"Ay. Aw, yes."

"How do you feel, Bryan?"

"Better. Ay, I'm better." He lay staring at the bed-foot for a time; then looked round. "I take that back," he said.

"What, Bryan?"

"That about the Papish Minister. Man, I wronged ye. I thought—I thought . . . I wronged ye. Always I've done ye harm. I sent for ye the night, meanin' to give ye defiance an' to shame ye—an' you've done this for me! . . . I take it back, Minister, I

take it back . . . Mebbe you'll forgive me?"

"There's nothing to forgive, Bryan. Ask forgiveness of God only."

"Ay. God only—God only . . ."

"Tell me what I'm to do."

"Read me more: an' pray for me—pray for me."

So the Minister read more, and prayed again; and after a while Bryan's hand came out, groping for his.

"Hold me," said Bryan. "Grip me tight. Keep me—keep me."

And all through the night the Minister sat gripping Bryan tight and praying silently: held him till death struck with the dawn.

## Problems of Prison Labour

BY TIGHE HOPKINS

HAVING caught and caged your criminal—put him to work. It is easily said, but, if the work is to be of profit, whether to the prisoner or to the State, or to both, it is less easily done. What quantity of your prison labour shall be merely punitive and deterrent, and what quantity shall be useful to the prisoner and of worth to the State? What distinction will you make between the man who is sentenced for a month—and who in that time can learn nothing very serviceable—and the man who is "in" for twelve months, eighteen months, or two years? What special industry or industries will you seek to promote (1) in a prison situated in the midst of London, and (2) in such a prison as Dorchester, in the heart of an agricultural district? One kind of industry having failed, through lack of means or skill in the prison, from the want of a market, or because some trade union has opposed it, what will you introduce in its place? It is a stiff problem all through.

In cycle or epicycle, prison drags slowly. Its history, with us, is a history of failures acknowledged and improved upon. The labour question, which makes an important chapter in the history, goes on painfully writing and revising itself, with—one hopes—a certain small progress to the good.

A few years ago—as recently indeed as 1894—a Departmental Committee, appointed by Mr. Asquith and presided over by Mr. Herbert Gladstone, awoke to the knowledge that the whole industrial system of the English prisons was in a very sick way. The sickness had been coming on for ten years and more; it traced, in great part, to the remarkable changes introduced by the Act of 1877. That Act marked the close of one and the beginning of another era in the prison world, where as a rule fashion "passeth away slowly." Up to the year 1877 the local prisons<sup>1</sup> were under the control of the local justices. Under this authority, some were very well and others very indifferently managed; but in respect of productive labour many of these prisons could show an excellent sheet of accounts at the year's end, and several were quite flourishing concerns. No English prison has ever succeeded in saving its whole cost to the State (nor was such a result ever contemplated); but as examples of what has been done in the matter of

<sup>1</sup> It may assist some readers to be told that we have two classes of prisons: local and convict. The former, which are by far the more numerous, are for the detention of short-sentence prisoners, whose highest sentence is two years' hard labour. A convict prison is a place for the confinement of convicts, i.e. persons whose punishment is penal servitude, and for whom the minimum sentence is three years.



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remunerative work, let me cite the gaols of Wakefield and Preston in the old days. The sales of mats made in Wakefield prison averaged £40,000 a year. Steam-power was used; the prison had its own commercial traveller; and the whole industrial department was controlled by a trade manager, who had his staff of clerks and instructors. The trade manager could award small gratuities to the best and most industrious hands among the prisoners, gratuities which would always be supplemented by the governor. Prisoners who had worked steadily and well during a sentence of twelve months, eighteen months, or two years, received on discharge a suit of clothes and had their fares paid to their homes. There were even mutton-chops at Christmas for "exceptionally industrious men." Preston was another brisk and bustling prison. Here also they employed their commercial traveller; the governor was allowed a trade agent at £60 a year, and his general staff included a taskmaster and assistant taskmaster. Prisoners had their allowances for work well and diligently done, and a further allowance for work done in addition to the fixed penal task: 1d. for an extra square yard of matting; 2d. for an extra ton of stone-breaking; 9d. for every extra pair of boots; 2s. for a coat—little sums, but much thought of in prison.

It would be wrong did one seek to convey the impression that all prisons under the *ancien régime* were at work in the manner and on the scale of Wakefield and Preston. In some, the unproductive or purely penal tasks were preferred; that kind of toil which was presently to be known as first-class hard labour—to wit, the treadmill, the crank, the capstan, shot drill, and machines for pumping and grinding. These things made the muscles ache, for certain, but they also made the mind sullen. In general, however, good, paying, industrial work, wholesome enough in its way and not degrading to the prisoner, was considered of chief importance. Governors were allowed a very free hand in developing the industries best suited to their prisoners, or best likely to secure a market in the neighbourhood of the prison; prison competed smartly with prison in producing and selling a variety of goods; and while the governor who took an active interest in trade might expect a bonus at the end of a profitable year, the warders on the industrial staff were encouraged by higher pay and special grants. The prisons

of Bodmin, Bedford, Chester, Mold, Chelmsford, Maidstone, Lewes, Warwick, Manchester, Hereford, Leeds, Strangeways, Holloway, Coldbath Fields, and many others were well up in the running, and making often a very fine show of profits in the annual returns. High profits, as the governor and his officers had learned, showed the way to promotion in the service. The total earnings in the local prisons for the year ending September 1876 were returned at £111,117 12s., giving an average of £5 18s. per prisoner in custody. The average earnings of a mat-maker were £18 5s. 2d., and of a laundry-woman £22 5s.

In the following year an Act was passed more prolific of change in the administration and economy of prison than any statute enacted within half a century.

The local prisons had been governed by the "Justices" (of the jurisdiction they belonged to) "in sessions assembled." They were now in one day transferred to the Government. The Visiting Justices were abolished, and in their place was established the much more authoritative body of the Prison Commissioners. One hundred and twenty prisons were taken over on a single day and consolidated into about sixty. In the reorganisation of the staff, the statutory rights of every member had to be considered; almost every prison building had to be rearranged; the whole system to be almost re-created. In the briefest terms, the capital result of the transfer was uniformity of administration in every prison in England. To-day, for instance, in the tiny Welsh prison of Brecon, which has cells for forty-nine men and twelve women, you would find everything ordered, almost to the minutest detail, as in the prison at Wormwood Scrubbs on the outskirts of London, where there are seldom fewer than a thousand men and three hundred women under lock and key any night of the year.

A transformation so complete would affect the whole institution of prison as it had been. What was most affected was the labour system. The staff of every prison underwent an important change. The allowances received by warders for helping on the trades were stopped; there were no more gratuities to prisoners for extra work (and no mutton-chops at Christmas); and the governor went without his bonus. The Commissioners, of course, had no thought of putting a check upon labour, and most of the industries favoured by the



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Visiting Justices were still carried on; but it is clear that the persons directly concerned in them had lost a great incentive. Briefly, the industries which under the old system had been slightly profitable to the prisoners themselves, more profitable to a numerous class of warders, and still more profitable to governors, gradually became a part of the mere dull, hard grind of prison life. Everything fell before discipline; prison was more than ever a vast engine of punishment.

Other things happened. It has been shown to what a profitable tune mat-making was conducted at Wakefield. In many other prisons also it was a lucrative business, employing altogether, at the date of the great change, some 2800 workers. Suddenly the mat-making in prisons was almost totally suppressed. Mat-makers not working for Her Majesty, but for themselves, rose in their numbers, Parliament was called upon to interfere—and the prisons had to give up that industry. It was an industry not easy to replace. Mat-making is quickly learned, it is not uninteresting to work at, it is remunerative, and it is suitable to prisoners of a very ordinary degree of intelligence. For years past, however, not a mat has been made in prison except for use in the Public Offices. And here it may perhaps be asked, whether upon the whole we have not heard rather too much concerning the competition of prison with the worker outside? You cannot compare the prisoner with the skilled free workman. If the prisoner were twice as efficient as he usually is, and if the whole population of prison were available the whole year round for the better kinds of industrial employment (which is very far indeed from being the case), the interference with labour in the open market would be increased in no greater a proportion than 1 to 2500.

That seems a percentage which the trade unions might persuade themselves to ignore! Again, let it be admitted that the mat-making business was—for prison, at any rate—a pretty big one in the days before '78. But at this very time, when the agitators were choking Parliament with the dust of the prison-made mat, the total value of prison labour (including the large item of the domestic services of the prisons) was estimated at from £110,000 to £120,000 per annum. What proportion does that bear to the money earned by free labour throughout the country?

Then there was the misfortune of the oakum. This was not another case of clamour from without; it was the sapping of one trade by reason of the progress in another. As a craft of prison, oakum-picking is neither stimulating nor edifying; and the only prisoners who did not consider it degrading were the completely idle or the completely degenerate, who made no distinction between their tasks, who did not want to excel in any, and whose principal desire was to shirk them all. Every respectable prisoner (and the respectability of prison is more sensitive than the respectability of a London suburb or a small provincial town) has always detested oakum, and rejoiced in the day of his promotion to a worthier and more sympathetic occupation. But the prisons had relied upon oakum-picking for many generations, less as a compulsory part of the routine of punishment than as an affair of profit to themselves. There was a market for the produce. To that end it was always worth while to keep from three thousand to four thousand men and women, in one prison and another, at this ugly toil. It had lasted until wood went out of fashion in ship-building. Then, and with a depression in shipping, the oakum trade collapsed. There was next to no use for oakum but the caulking of river barges. Profits had been realised of from £5 to £6 upon every ton of oakum picked; it now became difficult to place an occasional half-hundredweight at a nominal price. Substitutes were sought, but prison is generally at a disadvantage in attempting a new industry. Certain shifts may be contrived in a manufacturing district which are scarcely possible elsewhere; and in sundry places they tried wool-picking, cotton-picking, hair-picking, and silk-picking—at no great profit. Pea-sorting was another makeshift; but no governor likes to see a decent prisoner on his hands and knees in his cell, sifting the bad peas from a heap.

Neither at this time nor later, it should be said, was the general labour of prison in a state of paralysis. In the cell or the workshop (though most local prisons are very poorly off for shops), in the yards or grounds, in the garden (if there chance to be one), work of some sort can be found or made, the year round; and among the Public Offices there have been useful and regular customers. But the truth is that while under the new order discipline was

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growing more perfect every year—and the prisoner being transformed into a very well-drilled and astonishingly obedient automaton—the gainful industries of the seventies were falling away, and a quite undue prominence was being given to the unproductive and purely penal forms of labour. The causes contributing would be long to discuss, but among them was one at least over which the Commissioners had no control. It was, that judges and magistrates had been showing themselves much more lenient in their treatment of convicted prisoners. The short sentence had come into vogue. Now, a man who goes into custody for a week or for six weeks can be taught nothing which will make much profit for the prison during that period, or which will be of the slightest use to the man himself on his release. You can teach him to pick oakum, to chop wood, or to sort peas; and you can also, during his week or his six weeks, keep him sober, clean, and more or less industrious. Make the six weeks' sentence a sentence of three months (a very common sentence now-a-days), and a moderately intelligent prisoner would just get a fair notion of that simplest of all trades, mat-making. The greater the number of short-sentence men in your prison, the smaller the chances of success with your industrial programme.

Questions concerning prison are slow to reach the public ear, for prison is necessarily a rather dark place, and, to the mere citizen, strange and remote as futurity: seldom does he penetrate there. And the same questions are sometimes slow to *impress* the official ear, inasmuch as a settled order of things in prison is not disturbed but with difficulty: in prison the *status quo* is nearly always the easiest to maintain. Various things were ripe for discussion, but Whitehall was not yet moved. The Prison Commissioners lay down a course, and it has been their advantage and their disadvantage that they are able to pursue it with a peculiar exemption from interference. But the pressure was applied in 1894 (or a little earlier; the real moving force was the Press, and in particular, perhaps, the *Daily Chronicle*, then under the conduct of Mr. Massingham), and in June of that year the Departmental Committee was appointed, with Mr. Herbert Gladstone as chairman.

During twenty-four sittings some twelve thousand questions were put to fifty-seven witnesses, among whom were all manner of persons connected with the administration

of prison: Commissioners, directors, governors and ex-governors, chaplains, medical officers, matrons, experts of Government, and three ex-prisoners, including Mr. Michael Davitt, who has written the best Prison Diary in the language. The terms of reference to the Committee directed inquiry into many matters, but we are here concerned only with the question of prison labour. In previous investigations the labour problem had received scant attention: in this, it was in the forefront, and the witnesses were put to a fairly complete purgation. An inquiry concerning prison, by Royal Commission, by House of Commons Committee, or by Departmental Committee, is always interesting. It brings out so much. It reveals two things which are in apparent opposition—the conservatism which governs one of the most conservative of the public services, and the latent desire of the best class of prison officers to press for reforms which are rarely more than hinted at in their annual reports to the Commissioners. It is perhaps only in giving evidence to a Committee that a governor of prison has the opportunity of speaking out his real mind; and the Asquith Committee was the first to hear a proper statement of the labour question.

From the mass of testimony—often, of course, to some extent conflicting—a kind of bird's-eye view is obtained of the situation in 1894. The industries of prison had gone a good deal to wreck. The law itself was partly to blame; and, on the other hand, there was no longer that encouragement to produce for a profit which the prison staff had felt in the old days. The law's interference lay in compelling the isolation in their cells of all short-sentence prisoners during the whole of the sentence, and in keeping to "first-class hard labour" (which is almost always unproductive) all of these prisoners for a certain period, and some of them until the day of their release. So far, therefore, as the industrial programme was concerned, these prisoners—an exceedingly large proportion of the population of the local gaols—were non-efficient. From various other causes, the industrial programme had sadly fallen away. Reading between the lines of the evidence, it was easy to perceive that within a very few years a great change had come over the spirit of the administration. The ideals of 1894 were not the ideals of 1877. No one was straining hard in the interests of trade;

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but the machinery of prison in other respects was well-nigh perfect, and never were there such well-drilled, dumb, lamb-like creatures in the cells. They were learning little to speak of, but their behaviour on parade and in chapel was elegant. "Everything subservient to discipline"—the testimony of more than one witness—sums up much. Governors and their subordinates had ceased to expect promotion through the balance-sheet; and under the drill-sergeant system, which had begun almost with the transfer, the industries of prison had even come to be looked upon as something of a nuisance. One witness, from the Office of Works, said it point-blank: "It was a nuisance which interfered with the discipline." There were many statements to the same effect. It was "a nuisance" also because the warders on the industrial side were getting none of the benefits which their predecessors had enjoyed. Hear, on this, another witness, storekeeper in a large provincial prison—

"Do the warders seem to prefer to be associated with the industrial work of the prison?"

"No."

"They look upon it as an extra duty?"

"It is an extra duty which under the county authority they were paid for; that, of course, is abolished."

"Under the county they were paid by results, were they not?"

"Their salaries were raised on the distinct understanding that they were to give special attention to the industrial work. That was laid down at one of the Quarter Sessions. They were to receive an additional salary on the understanding that they did the best they could to improve the industrial labour in the prison."

But, the old order having passed, "What inducement," asked another witness, "has a warder to get his prisoners to work at an industry of this or any other kind?" The industrial work was apt to be a hindrance to the disciplinary work, which had grown to be of cardinal importance; and if two officers of the prison found themselves slightly in conflict, the one who represented industry was perhaps not very likely to have the last word on the subject. In this situation, it is not wonderful that skilled instructors were scarce in 1894. "There are no instructors for the different industries, so far as I can see," said another witness from the Office of Works. At this date, in fact, the expert assistant whom the county authorities had fetched in at a salary had practically vanished from the prison service, and the expert artisan warder was almost

unknown. For the most part the prisoners were being taught by warders whose knowledge of this or the other craft had been picked up at second-hand. There was scarcely any skilled instruction in any local prison.

Then, organisation was wanting somewhere. There was no general *dépôt* (corresponding to the clearing-house) to which prison-made goods could be sent; each prison stood by itself; no Government Office, wanting a particular article, knew exactly which prison was making that article; in the whole Prisons Department there was no official responsible for the organisation of labour, no one with authority to control the labour as between one prison and another.

Industries were allotted to the wrong centre. Convicts at Dartmoor, whose proper tasks are farm-work and the reclamation of bog-land, were making baskets for the London Post Office; Portland was making tin paper-trays for Whitehall; and Manchester was washing the linen of most of the Public Offices.<sup>1</sup> If the industrial labour of prison at this date were divided under three heads, it would comprise that which was done (a) for the prisons themselves and their population, (b) for other Government Departments, and (c) for the outside public. The exact ratio would be difficult to arrive at, but it might be stated approximately as three, two, and one.

In 1894, therefore, the Public Offices were better customers than the outside public; but, as the evidence showed, the prisons were not meeting their requirements. An article ordered *might* be supplied, but there was no knowing *when* it would be supplied. A single mat ordered by the Office of Works in August might possibly come to hand in December. Evidence was given that "two mats took two months and one mat nearly four months to produce." The Public Offices gradually withdrew their custom; it was easier to buy mats elsewhere. The

<sup>1</sup> Manchester, at a distance of one hundred and eighty odd miles from London, is a local prison. Dartmoor and Portland are convict prisons. When Manchester prison washes for the Public Offices of London, it means that a certain number of able-bodied criminals in the London prisons are reduced to grinding air at a crank. The proper work of a convict prison is quarrying or the cultivation of land, or, as at Borstal, the construction of fortifications. Under systematic organisation, local industries may be found for local prisons in the provinces; and the convict prisons may be kept from competition with the local prisons everywhere.

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supply failed in other directions: to borrow a term from trade, the prisons would not or could not "fill their orders." Said another witness from the Office of Works: "I was perfectly enthusiastic upon the subject of utilising prison labour for the purposes of our Department. But in a few months difficulties began to occur . . . one article after another had to be given up, simply on account of the delay in supplying the things." The Commissioners, eager above everything to keep up the discipline, had provided no special department for industry. The Post Office might be ordering mail-bags, leggings, belts, pouches, stamping-pads, notice-boards, or packing-cases; the Admiralty might be wanting hammocks, coal-sacks, or ship-fenders; the War Office might have sent for mats and bedding; the Office of Works might be at its wits' ends for mops and brushes, and the Board of Trade for hearth-rugs—but none of the Departments could count upon a business-like response to a requisition, and sometimes there was no response at all.

This was the situation in 1894. Before discussing the recommendations of the Committee, and their results, it may be of interest to set forth some of the special difficulties which the problem as a whole involves. Given the very best endeavours on the part of the prison authorities, they are always severely handicapped. Our English prisons (differing in this, as in most other respects, from the State prisons of America) can in no way be likened to manufactories. They are neither constructed nor located for industrial purposes. A main object of the law is to make prison an undesirable place to go to and a less desirable place to return to. Then, if in respect of means, situation, and so forth, the prisons were quite ideal places for the carrying on of industrial pursuits, the felon population is poor stuff in the bulk. True, there is always a certain quantity of trained, and even highly-trained talent; but from this, the capacities of prisoners range to the very lowest to be found anywhere—the half-imbecile, the malingerer, the incorrigibly idle, the deformed, the diseased, and the very old. Again, there is neither permanence nor homogeneity in the population of a local prison. Some one hundred and fifty or sixty thousand persons are in and out of these places every year. The population of every local prison—mostly of a low order of physical and mental development—is

perpetually changing; and the length of his sentence radically affects the capacity or incapacity of each individual prisoner. In fact, throughout the local prisons, as distinguished from the convict, there is scarcely one favourable feature for the promotion and development of industrial work. Take any hundred prisoners, let me say, at Wandsworth or Wormwood Scrubs to-day. Deduct those whom the doctor is unable to pass as fit for hard or prolonged work; those under treatment in the infirmary; those undergoing special punishment; those at first-class hard labour; those who are mentally unfit for almost any occupation; those at work for the prison, in baking, cooking, cleaning, washing, making and repairing clothes, shoes, utensils, and in keeping up or enlarging the prison buildings. When the list has been depleted in this way, the governor will be fortunate if he find, among the hundred prisoners, twenty or twenty-five who, with some brains and a long enough sentence, may be taught a paying trade. To teach them this trade, whatever it may be, the governor has neither the machinery nor the trained professional assistance which would be found in any second-rate manufactory. Finally, if, in spite of every let, the trade flourishes, it is a dead certainty that the trade unions will want to strangle it—and every tradesman in Parliament will back them up. Altogether, an untoward situation.

Nevertheless, the Committee decided that the industries of prison could be set up again. Money would be needed at the outset, but by and by there would be increased profits from labour. They recommended that unproductive labour be abolished, whenever and wherever possible, and productive industries encouraged. The question of the relative advantages of associated and cellular work (a question ancient and rather prickly) had been exhaustively considered. As regards local prisons, cellular work is a tradition of the service; and governors, directors, and inspectors belonging to the older school of administration have always been opposed to association for short-time prisoners. Cell work is undoubtedly more penal (except to prisoners of a sensitive habit, who shrink from all contact with other prisoners), and it avoids the dreaded risk of "contamination." But officials of wide experience stated in their evidence that, with proper supervision and under a proper system of



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classification, there was "no danger whatever in associated work." Colonel Garsia instanced the great prison of Wormwood Scrubbs, built throughout by the associated labour of prisoners. The cost, I think, was between £110,000 and £120,000; built by contract the sum would have been about double. The Committee accordingly expressed themselves in favour of association for productive work and technical instruction ("to be extended gradually and with due caution throughout the prisons"). They pointed out that it was a welcome relief to most prisoners from the dreadful isolation of the cell; that it could be made in the nature of a privilege liable to suspension; that it diminished the difficulty of organising industrial labour; that it was healthier, inasmuch as cells should be untenanted for some hours every day. To this end, therefore, more workshops should be provided in the prisons. Concentration, organisation, a systematic supervision: these were other recommendations of the Committee. There should be one authoritative person to supervise and control the industries of prison. Skilled instructors should be sought again ("there are but a handful of artisan warders now in the service"), and "a higher inducement should be offered than the ordinary pay of a warder." Lastly, the gratuities offered to prisoners might be increased, and every prisoner "should be enabled to earn something continuously during his sentence."

The Commissioners of Prisons have never shown themselves either indifferent to or half-hearted in their work. Prison and all things therewith connected undergo an incessant rigorous scrutiny which the taxpayer knows nothing of. Report follows report the whole year round, and the Commissioners' knock is heard at the prison gate when the governor least expects it. If their tendency is the natural one to conserve forms and methods which they have assisted to introduce, they are not too hard to win to ways of change. The Departmental Committee's Report was no sooner printed than the Commissioners took it in hand. Year by year since then their Blue-book has been fattened with results.

First was created the new office of Comptroller of Industries, and to this was appointed a zealous gentleman of some forty years' experience of prison labour—whose work, by good luck, has happened also to be his favourite hobby. Under him,

slowly and laboriously, the industrial system of the prisons began to be reshaped and reorganised.<sup>1</sup> From the first, active steps were taken for the gradual abolition of unproductive crank and treadmill labour. Oakum-picking has long been more a task than an industry, and in one year the number of oakum-pickers was reduced from 3000 to 986. The reduction continues.

Great interest has attached to the experiment in associated labour. The cellular system, it may be said, was not affected by the Act of 1898; it still remains the law, but it has been considerably modified by the new rules. Under these rules, industrious prisoners of good behaviour are now allowed, where practicable, to leave their cells, and work in association. "Where practicable"—the reservation is important, for in most local prisons (built for the requirements of the cellular system) accommodation for associated work exists only to a very limited extent. Gradually, no doubt, workshops on the plan of the splendid ones at Wandsworth will be provided in all prisons of any size; to-day the experiments are being chiefly made in the corridors. Governors of all the more important prisons, where the system now on its trial is best able to be studied, report very favourably. The staffs necessary for supervision and instruction are being added to, and the men carefully trained.

In three years the labour of prisoners engaged in manufactures increased in value by twenty-five per cent.; in four years by thirty per cent. In 1898-99 the entire value of the year's labour was £191,507 11s. 2d.; in 1899-1900 (although the workers were fewer) it was £200,977 7s. 4d. This industrial activity does not slacken; and while the purely penal and non-productive forms of labour are steadily disappearing, the range of industrial occupations grows

<sup>1</sup> This gentleman, Mr. James Duncan, died just as he was about to retire from the service under the age limit. His last report to the Commissioners is that for the year ended March 31, 1901. In a letter he wrote me on May 7 of the same year he said, in reference to prison labour: "I have myself given it close study, and have kept myself posted up in the latest views held upon it at home and abroad. I have visited the leading prisons of the United States, Canada, and the Continent of Europe. It is a most fascinating subject. You may take it that most important industrial results have already followed from the Departmental Committee of 1894, and that further results are destined to ensue." Mr. Duncan's work was indeed his hobby, and his loss to the Department will be lasting.



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wider and wider. So recently as 1895 there were in operation no fewer than thirty-nine treadwheels and twenty-five cranks. The treadwheels are now all abolished. The system of valuing the labour of prisoners has been thoroughly remodelled. Special allowances are once more paid to warders who render good service as instructors; and the disciplinary and industrial services are at peace.

In his last report to the Commissioners, Mr. Duncan records his "profound belief in the soundness of the progressive industrial policy inaugurated during recent years," and his "most sanguine anticipations as regards the success of that policy in the future." Each successive year since 1896 has been marked, he says, by a steady increase in the value of the labour performed. "The year just closed outstrips all its predecessors in this respect. The value of the work on manufacturing industries alone shows an advance of eleven per cent. on the previous twelve months, and of no less than forty-one per cent. on the figures for 1896-97, the manufacturing earnings, which stood at £72,688 in that year, having been augmented to £102,776 in 1900-01, thus showing a remarkable increase in the annual output of over £30,000 in five years." These (keeping in mind the difficulties under which nearly all useful tasks in prison are performed) are considerable results. They have been attained, "not so much by extending the scope of our industries in new directions—though a good deal has been done in that way—as by consolidating and developing some of the more recent of our improved industrial methods. Practical effect has been given to the fundamental principle that it is our duty to see that every prisoner committed to our charge should, wherever

it is possible, be regularly employed on some useful and helpful occupation, and no opportunity has been lost of enlisting the interest of the prisoner in the work set before him. . . . More than 5300 local prisoners, a large proportion of whom would formerly have been strictly confined to their cells, may now be seen working in properly supervised groups with a degree of interest and assiduity which it is pleasing to witness. More than one governor has drawn my attention to the striking contrast between the normal expression of countenance of the associated prisoner and that of the solitary worker in a cell—the former animated and alert, the latter more or less apathetic or depressed. This in itself is surely valuable evidence in favour of the change of system. The output of associated work is truly remarkable in certain cases."

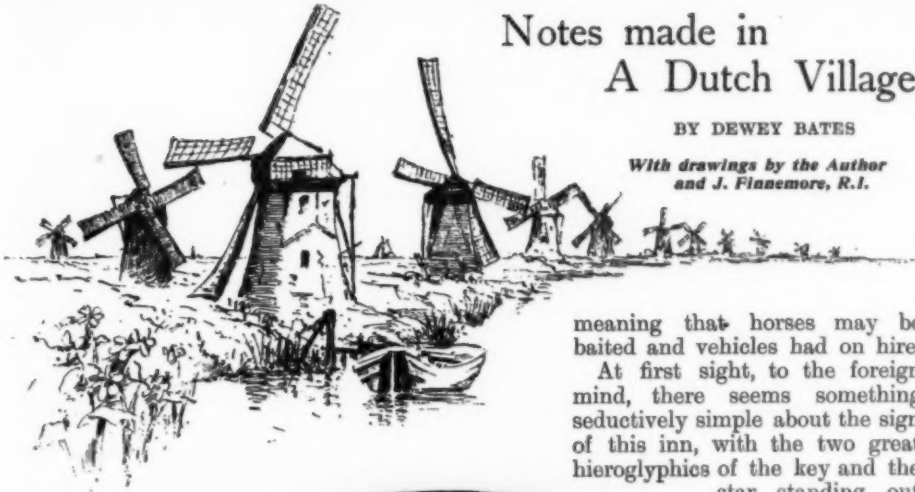
With a prison population of 17,000, it is evident that many hands must be constantly employed upon the service of the inmates themselves. There are then some 3000 non-workers (sick, awaiting trial, and so forth); and about 2000 in the first stage of hard labour, whose tasks are practically unremunerative. Notwithstanding, there is room for a further extension of industrial training among the prisoners who remain for a length of time; and it is satisfactory to note the introduction for them of such interesting trades as printing, bookbinding, stereotyping, and lithographing. The terrible silent system has been humanely modified, and prisoners are no longer dumb over their tasks. Oakum has been thrust out of the women's prisons, and here too the present endeavour is to make the general work a little less unlovely, a little more cheerful. Recently the women were particularly interested in Japanese blinds.



# Notes made in A Dutch Village

BY DEWEY BATES

With drawings by the Author  
and J. Flanmore, R.I.



IN the southern part of Holland, on the banks of the Maas, within sight by day of the houses and towers, and by night of the glimmering lights of the ancient town of Dordrecht, from which the Pilgrim Fathers sailed for a new world, lies a straggling village, consisting of one long street and one short one, where the sole "logement" or inn bears the black and white inscription to the effect that "all sorts of beer from the breweries" are to be had through the "agent, M. Kuijperom, at the sign of the Key and the Star."

On a smaller sign projecting from the wall, the public are informed that they may indulge in the pleasures of "royal billiards," and, as a supplement to the larger notice, that "wine, beer and distilled liquors" are to be had for the paying, while a smaller ticket lower down on the wall bears the formidable-looking letters, "UITSPANNING,"

meaning that horses may be baited and vehicles had on hire.

At first sight, to the foreign mind, there seems something seductively simple about the sign of this inn, with the two great hieroglyphics of the key and the star standing out boldly like a sort of student's lexicon, or "easy help to translation."

But what can possibly have less in similarity than the emblem of that which reveals all it can of itself nightly, and that thing of human creation whose end and aim is concealment?

Whatever may be



THE SIGN OF THE "KEY AND STAR"



A FEW TYPES



A DUTCH PILOT

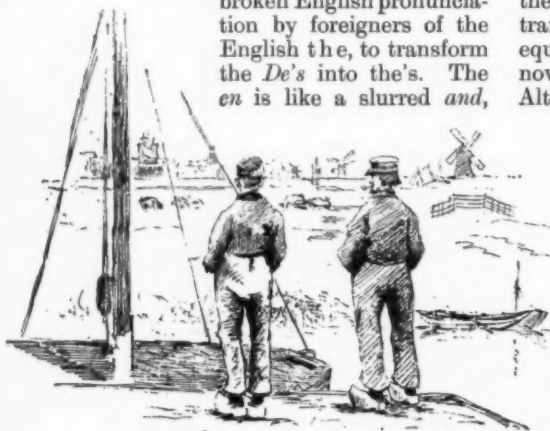
## Notes made in a Dutch Village

their occult signification there is no mistaking their general purpose, to notify the hungry or thirsty soul that here he may obtain the refreshment he desires. Alas, as much cannot be said of the lettering beneath them.

On a more careful inspection a gleam of hope shines out of the darkness as the eye rests on the last word, *S t e r*.

In spite of its dilapidated spelling it can mean but one thing, *STAR*. Here is a first start in the solution of the cypher.

The mind now makes a bold leap, and irresistibly concludes that *S l e u t e l* means key.<sup>1</sup> It is then very easy, knowing the broken English pronunciation by foreigners of the English *the*, to transform the *De's* into the *e's*. The *en* is like a slurred *and*,



STARTING FOR THE TIDE

and *voila!* the sentence complete: The key and the star.

Having got thus far, the first line seems less formidable. It is only to take a letter off here and put one on there, almost like reading the bad spelling of certain comic writers, and out comes the plain English: *All sorts of beer*.

In the second line, however, all is not such plain sailing, and is illustrative of the dangers of guessing at the Dutch or indeed any other language.

The words and sometimes whole sentences pronounced exactly as in English, and frequently spelt the same, lure one on, siren like, to believe that the language is at one's tongue's end, then when one thinks "his greatness full a'ripening, there comes a thaw, a killing thaw," at the sight of some such words as, *snelpersdrukkerij, nieuwerotterdamsheschouwbergmaatschappij, katoenzuiveringswerktuig, levensverzekeringmaatscha-*

<sup>1</sup> The German word is *Schlüssel*.—Ed.

*ppij*, which would defy the most powerful guessing accomplishments of the most acute.

Thus in the case of the second line of *mijnheer Kuijperom's* sign, the last word, *brouwerijen*, seems to defy all understanding. That strange combination of the *i* and the *j* seems a hopeless difficulty to surmount. But with only two little hints and the word pronounced almost phonetically in English resolves the doubt. The union of the *i* and *j* in Dutch is simply an equivalent of the English *y*, in fact the origin of the character. The *en* is the sign of the plural, the *n* being silent in pronunciation. This leaves us *brouwery*, which, considering the place and the sense in which the word is used, easily transforms itself into *brewery*, its English equivalent. This difficulty solved, there now remains only the tiny word "*uit*."

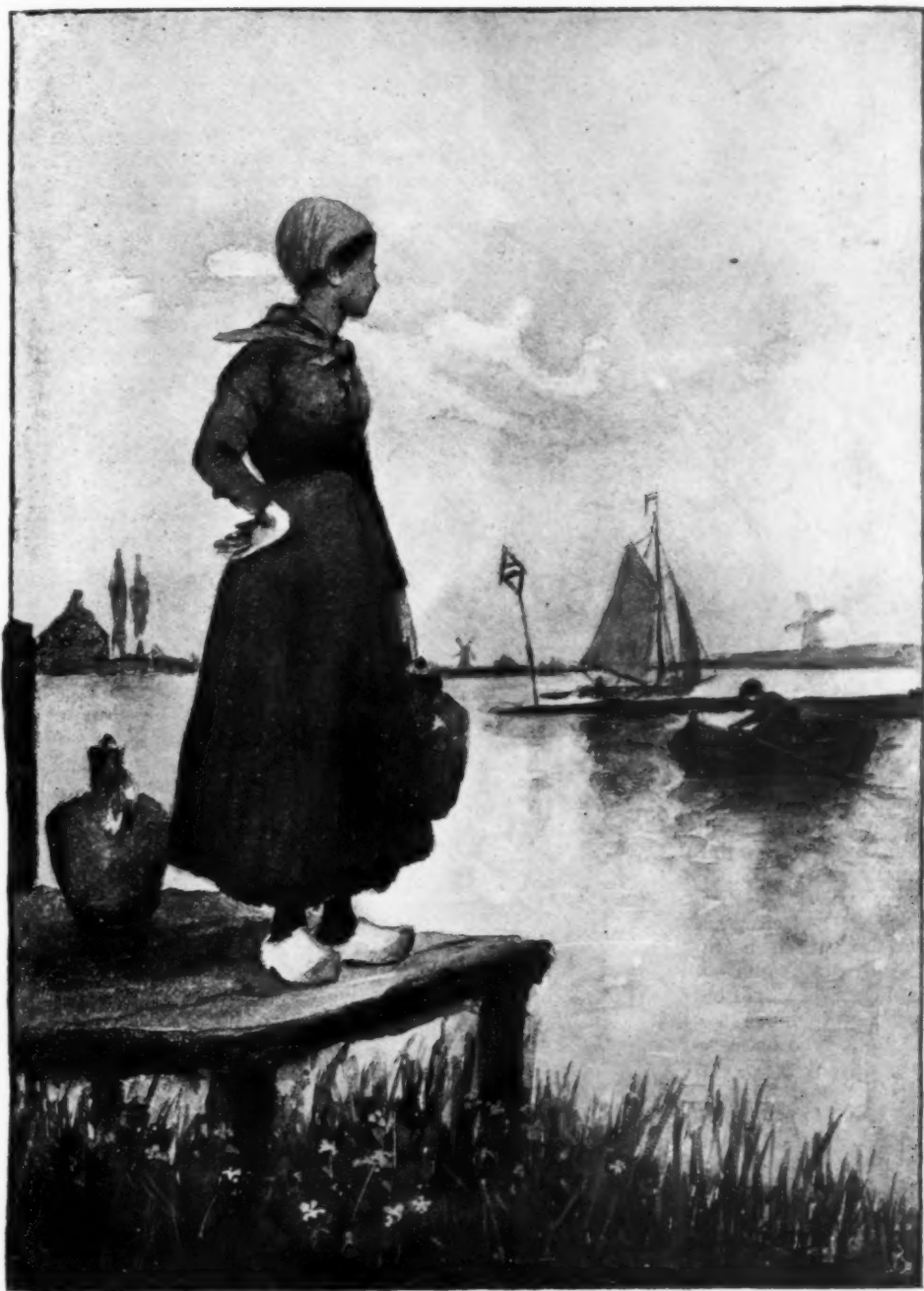
Although the spelling seems so unfamiliar, this word is only the mangled form of an English one. The English word *out* is the equivalent of the Dutch word, although to make it readable an *of* must be added, and "out of or from the breweries" becomes the reading of the line.

The above gives a rough-and-ready idea of the ancient speech of a great people, a people the traces of whose footsteps are to be found all over the habitable globe. It seems difficult indeed to believe, but those slouching figures, standing silently by the canal bank, pipe in mouth, waiting for the incoming tide, are only types of the *Van Tromps*, the *Hendrick Hudsons*, of the navigator who left the name of his native village to the dreaded cape of Horn, of the settlers who gave to that sweetly-flowing river at Philadelphia its name of hidden channel, the *Schuylkill*, of the long-ago wanderers from their dyke-bound fatherland, who made for themselves homes in the wilds of the dark continent and on the isles of farthest Ind.

But even more difficult does it seem to recognise in these human remains of past greatness, the descendants of an age which produced such mighty conquerors in the gentler arts of peace as *Franz Hals*, *Rembrandt*, *Van der Helst*, *de Hooghe*, *Hobbema*, *Ruysdael* and a host of others where now the Dutch palette, almost clean of its paint, hangs idly on the wall, and the canvas and brushes rot from want of use.

In an ordinary way the Anglo-Saxon traveller through Holland has little occasion

## Notes made in a Dutch Village



AT THE FERRY

to speak anything but his own language. German it may be of assistance, but the  
If he knows a smattering of French or Dutch are a polyglot race, although it seems

## Notes made in a Dutch Village



A SLUGGISH BACKWATER

to give them great satisfaction to hear a foreigner speak, if it be even badly, their own tongue. In the small villages, however, such as that wherein is situated the inn which bears the sign of the "Key and Star," it would be a sorry look-out for any one who had not some small notion of the language.

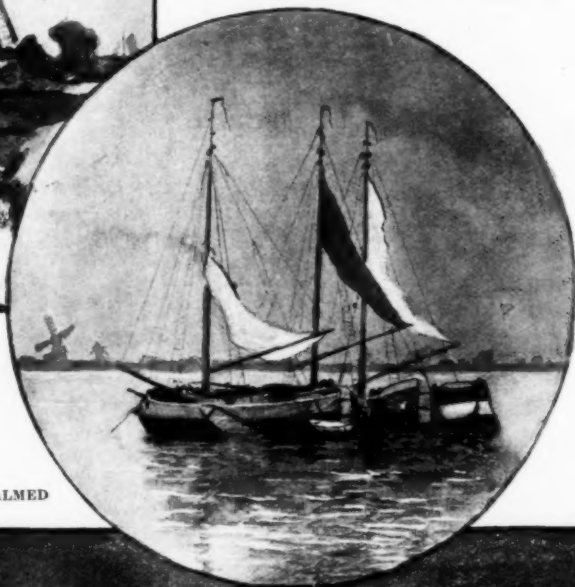
Take, for example, one or two instances. There seems nothing more simple than the pronunciation of the name of that ancient Dutch town, world-renowned for its production of a species of porcelain ware, Delft.

Pronounced in the English way the word is almost meaningless to a Dutchman. In

fact, I once nearly lost the train through my persistent efforts in trying to make a Dutch railway official at the ticket-office accept the English pronunciation instead of his own.

After repeated reiterations of the word, gradually increasing in strength as my patience, and no doubt his also, began to wane, a light suddenly broke upon him. "Ah," he cried, "you mean Dell-*uft*."

In the matter of spelling, the Dutch is a sort of step toward the atrocities perpetrated in our own language, although in a general way each letter is supposed to have its distinct and separate value as in German.



BECALMED



DORDT BY NIGHT

Take, for example, the Dutch word for *nothing*. The pronunciation is perfectly



## Notes made in a Dutch Village



A REEDY REACH

similar to the sound which  
would be given to the letters



CANALS



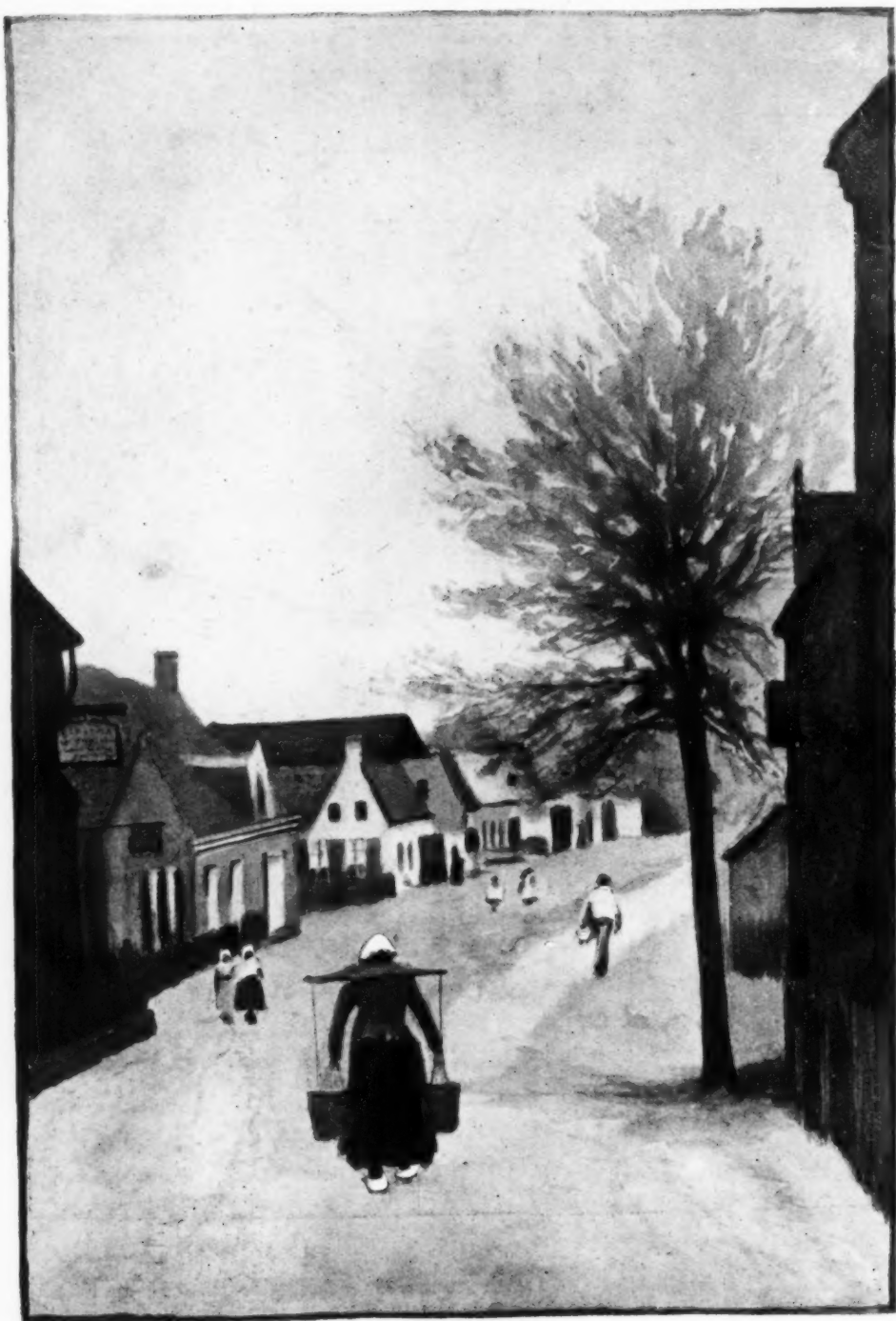
TWILIGHT

nix, although the spelling of the Dutch  
word is *niets*.

The Dutch for "a little bit," a very  
favourite word, is pronounced very similarly

to the English combination of letters bitch-  
eh; the true spelling, however, is *beetje*.

As another instance, a favourite inscrip-  
tion over the domestic Dutch doorway,



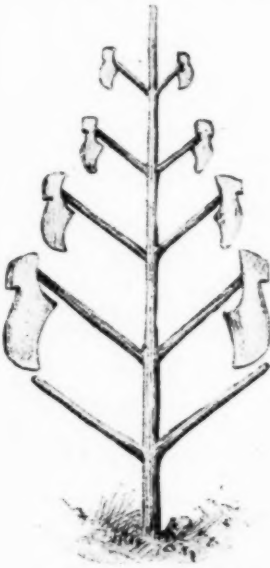
A DUTCH VILLAGE STREET

## Notes made in a Dutch Village

namely, *hier is rust*, leads one into dreadful misapprehensions. Although there are evident signs of oxygenising influences going on in the sleepy, dreamy quiet of modern Dutch villages, it could hardly be supposed that the cottager would boldly announce this fact over his portal. Indeed the Dutch housewife is too diligent in her application of drenching jets of water and the vigorous use of the swab and mop to allow of any such chemical action taking

place as rust. The word, thanks to the pocket dictionary, means simply "rest."

In a similar way, when on a sign-board over some subterraneous cavity are exhibited the words, "*Hier mangelt men*," one must be careful not to infer that the occupiers of this house or cellar have the effrontery to announce to the world that they follow the nefarious calling of being



WOODEN SHOES HUNG OUT  
TO DRY

purveyors of "mangled men." In its pure simplicity the sign means only that here is carried on the humble art of mangling linen.

That night we were installed as lodgers in the inn styled the "Key and the Star," our names were duly recorded, together with our birth-places, nationalities, probable destinations, and such like, and duly read out before the Burgomaster, and as duly recorded in the archives of the place.

As to the accommodation, the things which would most interest the stranger on his first visit to Holland would be the bed in a cupboard, shut out from the room by folding doors flush with the wall, and requiring almost a ladder



THE FIRST GRASS BUTTER AS BROUGHT TO TABLE

in order to obtain access; the stout wooden window shutters, not, however, uncommon in America, and the smallness of the ewers and basins for washing purposes. In this connexion the foreigner is forcibly impressed with the insignificant facilities afforded for corporeal ablutions in comparison with those which are given to floors, windows, pavements and walls.

As to the crying of children, the howling of dogs, and certain other various nocturnal sounds inimical to sleep, these, as well as the biting of fleas, are of every nation and every country.

In the matter of living, Holland is certainly not a land of surprises, least of all in a small village; prison fare could scarcely be more monotonous. Picture, for example, an unvarying breakfast day after day, week in, week out, of coffee, cheese, a large glass of milk, bread, toasted rusks and butter, and two lightly-boiled eggs—cold! My first experiences in this matter of cold eggs were made on the island of Marken, in the Zuyder Zee, where with a friend we took our meals some minutes' walk from where we lodged. We attributed the coldness of the eggs to the fact of having arrived late to breakfast. So one morning, determined to be just in time, we rose at



ALONG THE FOLDERS AND CANALS

FF



FAIRTIME IN A DUTCH FISHING VILLAGE



UNLOADING CHEESES, EDAM



## Notes made in a Dutch Village

five o'clock, and on arriving at the cottage found the cloth as yet unlaidd. This was hopeful, and with sharpened appetites we awaited the production of the steaming eggs. When all else was in readiness, the servant opened a cupboard, and from a very large and well-filled basin selected a number of eggs which were at once placed on the table, and with the usual "*als het u belieft*"

But if a monotonous breakfast be bad, what can be said of an almost unvarying régime at the meal of the day? Think, day after day, of raising the lid of the white china soup-tureen in search of a fresh tickler for the palate, only to discover the never-varying, very pale, greasy liquid, with some round balls and pieces of unrecognisable meat floating about in it! To be sure, there was

a little change in the inevitable beef. It was not always of a flabby purple when the great slabs were cut through. As to green stuff, the *porcelein*, a vegetable something like spinach, was invariable in its sliminess and grittiness. The huge dish of boiled potatoes was never altered, although we consumed but two or three, and the sauce-boat of liquid fat, although untouched, always took its place on the festive board.

At supper,  
the cheese  
and rusks  
reappeared,



THE WEIGH HOUSE, EDMAM

(if you please), a sign that all was in readiness, the door was closed and we were left to ruminate sadly on the peculiar amenities of the Dutch breakfast-table. The secret was out: the eggs were evidently boiled in batches, periodically.

Only once did mijnheer Kuijperom or his *vrauw* alter the appearance of our breakfast-table, and that was by the placing thereon, instead of the usual pat of very pale butter, a dish, upon which stood a remarkably moulded shape supposed to represent some animal, but whether cow, sheep, or other four-footed beast it would require a powerful imagination to detect. For eyes it had two dried currants. Through its mouth were placed a wisp of green and a daisy, and it was surrounded by wild fern-like leaves. The good *vrauw* smiled as she pointed to this, explaining that it was in honour of the first "grass butter" of spring.

accompanied by  
a meat preparation common  
in America,  
dried beef.

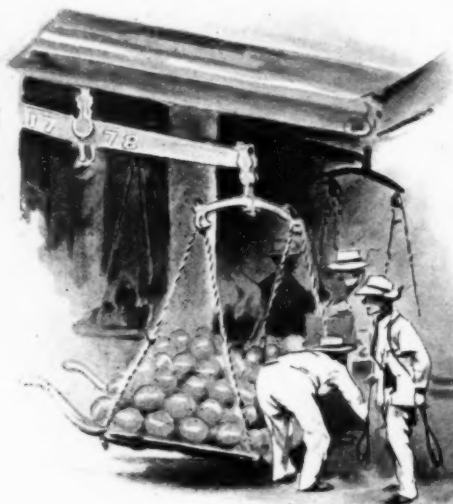
Once, and once only, our menu was varied, and that by special request. I happened one day on board a steam-boat to recognise in a fish which one of the men was cleaning, a familiar shape which called back fond memories of the banks of the Delaware. On inquiring its name, I learned that it was what I supposed it to be, an *elst* or shad. This delicious, though somewhat bony fish has been acclimatised in the Maas, where the great nets are drawn across the stream much in the same manner as may be seen near Philadelphia.

## Notes made in a Dutch Village

Upon remarking my fondness for this fish, it was not very long after before our landlord directed us to follow him into the kitchen, where five great beauties lay side by side upon the wooden floor.

Let us stroll with the jovial and civil young landlord down the bright, clean street of the village, to where the road lined with canals and closely-planted pollards stretches out in long, dusty perspective across the polders.

the wealth of the Indies is laid; past the great mills with their long arms twirling around in a bewildering way. Then to return across the broad stretch of river lined with soft, blending folds reflected from the crimson, blue, green and grey of the dying day, when the lights from the old town begin to glimmer, back to the landing-stage of the "Key and Star," where in the growing twilight the ferryman is steadily plying his oars, while the young lass with her milk-cans is waiting to cross. All this is beautiful; calm, peaceful, resting; for the children have gone to rest. Would that the days were like it! Then, alas! the Dutch brood sallies forth. One would be inclined to estimate that three-fourths of the population of Holland were still in bib and tucker. When with the break of day this irrepressibly vivacious army of Dutch youngsters makes



WEIGHING CHEESES, EDMAM



On every side it is a picture of peace, thrift, cleanliness and contentment. Or, taking one of these huge boats with oars like broom-sticks, it is delightful to paddle along the endless canals, past gardens with their tiny landing-stages, where there is never wanting a woman with pails getting water—the women are always drawing water; past river-craft with their golden-varnished sides picked out with green, and the great side-boards, answering to the American centre-board of a yacht, secured with running chains to the side, thence out on to the broad river where the long steam-boats bound for the German borders, the Dutch river-boats for neighbouring towns, the barges laden with hay, the ferry-boats and a thousand other smaller craft enliven the scene; past the tall, yellow houses and grey towers at whose base now no longer

its appearance, then is there no peace for the foreigner, least of all should he happen to be a *teekenaar*, a common word for artist. However secluded the spot, there is sure to be one child who will discover the unfolding of the artistic stool, and of the gradual development of palette and brush, and then will be heard the cry, "*Hier is een teekenaar*," here is a "*drawer*," "*kijkens aan*," "*come see!*" and in a moment a cloud of witnesses is gathered about the unfortunate user of the brush—a crowd which, not satisfied with an orderly



STRIKING HANDS OVER A BARGAIN

contemplation of the work in progress, amuses itself by jostling and shoving, to the danger of spoiling the delicate pencil strokes.

But there remain the recollections of strange sights and beautiful scenes, in spite of other drawbacks, as souvenirs of a pleasant holiday in a Dutch village.



# The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris, with other Characters in *Adam Bede*

BY WILLIAM MOTTRAM (A GRAND-NEPHEW OF THE BEDES)

*Illustrated with Photographs by Allan P. Mottram*

## V.—Seth Bede's Account of Himself

"I need a cleansing change within;  
My life must once again begin;  
New hope I need and youth renewed,  
And more than human fortitude;  
New faith, new love and strength to cast  
Away the fetters of the past."

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

LET us turn our thoughts once more to the old house at Roston Common, with the workshop at the south end,



SCHOOL ADJOINING BARTLE MASSEY'S HOUSE, NORBURY

the home where Adam Bede was born in 1773 and Seth Bede four years later. Let us think of Seth as now eighteen years old, and as having, like his elder brothers, passed through Bartle Massey's academy and as now far advanced in the practice of his father's laborious calling. By this time the eldest son had left the paternal home and gone to live in Rocester. The second son, William, has fixed his abode in Castle Donington. Thomas, Robert (Adam Bede), and Samuel (Seth Bede) are still at home. The father is now sixty years of age, and the bulk of the business falls on his capable sons, of whom he was very proud. Sometimes he was twitted with the superior workmanship of his sons, and his reply

was: "Who taught them?" Seth was said to have been the spoiled son of his mother, but his sister, my grandmother, used to say that so far from his being spoiled by his mother, he was her true instructor and comforter on her dying bed. The family gravestone shows that she died in 1803. By this time a great change had taken place in the life of Seth Bede. He shall tell the story in his own words. I have

an autobiography which was written at his dictation when he was an old man. There is in it a preface entirely characteristic of the humility which always distinguished Seth Bede.

"At the request of my dear children and friends I consent for a short sketch of my life to be put into writing, although I do not know what can be said, only that, after all, I am an unprofitable servant. I can speak largely on the goodness of God to me and of His mercies and deliverances through my past life, but—

'I loathe myself when God I see,  
And into nothing fall;  
Content if Thou exalted be,  
And Christ be all in all.'

Humility, gentleness, and patience were conspicuous qualities in the character of Seth Bede. He says—

"I was born at Roston in the parish of Norbury, Derbyshire, and by trade I am a joiner. I attended the church regularly along with the rest of the family; I was very dark and ignorant as regards divine truths, which was not to be wondered at, for our parish minister was not an evangelical one, but was fond of hunting, shooting, playing at cards and the like pleasures of a worldly nature, shocking to say."

Let me pause here to acknowledge with deep thankfulness to God the marked change in the piety and zeal of the country clergy during the more than one hundred years which have elapsed since Seth Bede was eighteen years old. The hunting parson



## The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

has not entirely died out, and yet he is all but extinct. Still he was common enough in Seth Bede's early days, and, indeed, in mine also. One of the entertaining sights which frequently broke the monotony of village life when I was a boy was the periodical appearance of the hounds followed by a company of mounted men dressed in red jackets, and among them one or more clergymen. The late Lord Bishop of Liverpool, in a very noble book, entitled *Christian Leaders of the Last Century*, gives a faithful picture of the clergy of the period. Speaking of the persecutions inflicted on that true servant of God, William Grimshaw, vicar of Hawarth, and friend of Wesley, for his evangelistic zeal in Yorkshire, he says—

"There is something revolting in the idea of a holy and zealous minister of the Church of England being persecuted for overstepping the bounds of ecclesiastical etiquette while hundreds of clergymen were let alone and undisturbed whose lives and doctrines were beneath contempt. All over England country livings were often filled by hunting, shooting, gambling, drinking, card-playing, swearing, ignorant clergymen, who cared neither for law nor gospel and utterly neglected their parishes. When they did preach they either preached to empty benches, or else the hungry sheep looked up and were not fed. And yet these men lived under their own vine and fig trees, enjoying great quietness, untouched by bishops, eating the fat of the land and calling themselves the true supporters of the Church."

This exactly agrees with what Seth Bede tells us of the condition of things in his native Derbyshire. As he has told us of his spiritual darkness, we will now let him relate to us the manner of his awakening.

"When I was eighteen I heard of a travelling preacher, Mr. Wm. Hicks, who preached at Snelstone. Methodists were not looked upon in those days as they are now—they were considered fanatical enthusiasts. My curiosity was very much aroused, hearing that Mr. Hicks preached and prayed without a book; which I considered a very marvellous thing. I felt determined to go and hear him. I went, and while he was praying the first time conviction seized me. I was in great distress of mind, the weight of my sins was more than I could bear. I thought I was the worst and vilest sinner in the place, and so exceedingly ignorant was I, that I could not imagine what was the matter with me. I might

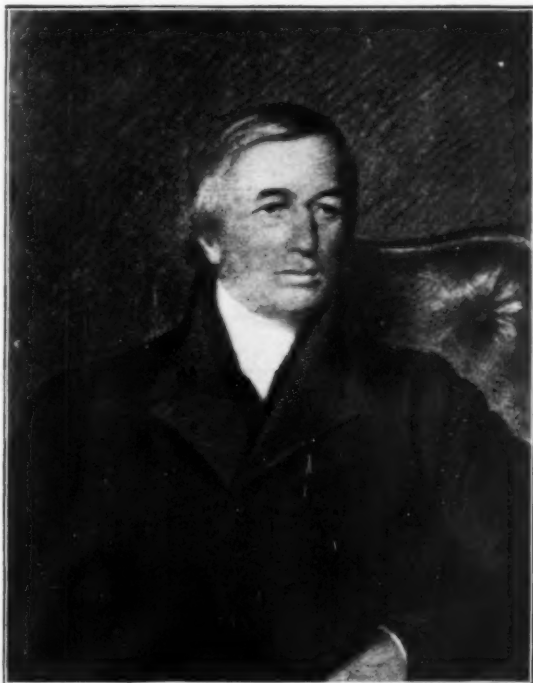
take up the language of the Psalmist and say, 'I was as a beast before Thee.' When Mr. Hicks began to preach I thought some one must have told him my state, as every word was meant for me. I continued in that state of mind six weeks; the anguish of soul I endured in that time was only known to God and myself. At the end of six weeks I was praying alone in my room before I went to work. The Lord in great mercy broke in upon my soul, pardoned my sins and made me happy in His love. I felt peace and joy through believing."

It is worth while to pause here and ask ourselves by what influence this extraordinary

revolution was brought about? Under the ministration of an extempore prayer, offered by a stranger whom he had never seen before, all in a moment there comes to the soul of this simple country youth a self-revelation which startles and appals him. Outwardly no one could have been more orderly in conduct than he—

"A son that never did amiss,  
That never shamed his mother's kiss,  
Or crossed her fondest prayer."

Yet now he feels himself the vilest sinner



ADAM BEDE (ROBERT EVANS)

From a miniature in the possession of his grandson.

## The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

in the place. What is it that has wrought this sudden change? He has been drawn to the place by curiosity. He came to hear and to see, when lo, he is inwardly gripped by instantaneous spiritual force which he can by no means account for, and yet it has completely mastered him. It was not logic, for no proposition had been advanced; it was not persuasion, for the messenger had not begun to plead. True, he had heard the strains of a hymn before he had listened to the prayer, but what of that? He had heard singing often enough at the parish church without being perturbed by it, and even on this occasion the singing seems to have made slight impression. The prayer, however, arrested him, and then the sermon transfixed him. All things are different now. The placid and contented Seth, so dear to his devoted mother, is plunged into poignant and self-reproaching distress. The anxious mother can come to no other conclusion than that her darling son has gone mad. As for him, a piercing searchlight has been turned on his inner life, and there is a new and vivid revelation of himself. His own artless description reminds me of what St. Augustine has said of himself in his Confessions: "Thou, O Lord, while he (Pontitianus) was speaking, didst turn me round towards myself, taking me from behind my back where he had placed me, unwilling to observe myself; and setting me before my face that I might see how foul I was, how crooked and defiled, bespotted and ulcerous. I beheld and stood

aghast; and whither to flee from myself I found not."

But, sudden as had been the keen dart of conviction in Seth Bede's case, equally sudden was the inflowing of joy. Every day he rises early to go to his work, but earlier still for his morning cry to God out of the sorrows of a troubled mind. "Then," says he, "the light broke in upon my soul." Whence this visitation came he never had a doubt. To him it was all divine.

Seth Bede had the full realisation of that for which poor Hartley Coleridge prayed in the lines at the head of this chapter. There was in intensest reality a new beginning of life. There was first that astounding revelation of himself to himself which had so bitterly confounded and distressed him, and then there was that still, small voice that spoke to him early in the morning, by which he was assured of cleansing and peace.

Into the closest relationship with God has Seth Bede now consciously entered, and for him it is the beginning of a new and happy life. At Snelstone, which was the next village to Norbury and Roston Common, there lived a well-to-do farmer of the name of Beresford. This gentleman was a Methodist class-leader and local preacher, and had built a preaching-room on his own premises. Seth Bede writes of him as "a very precious man of God." To him Seth went and related his new experiences, and was at once received into the Methodist Society. Four years passed by, and there came another development. These were evidently years of spiritual growth, steady progress, and deepening joy to the young convert—

"I met with Mr. Beresford four years, and only missed once in the time, although the meeting-place was a mile from Roston, where I lived. I often had to go four miles to work, and then after that a mile to my class. Very often since I have wished that my members had evinced the same love for their class that I did for mine."

It was manifestly very exhilarating for the aged Seth to look back on the early years of his spiritual pilgrimage, and the memory of Mr. Beresford, after the lapse of sixty years, was to



WESLEYAN CHAPEL, ROSTON, NORBURY, WHERE SETH BEDE  
ATTENDED DIVINE WORSHIP

## The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

him still both fragrant and inspiring. But a tragic event severed the connexion of the leader and his disciple. Mr. Beresford was one day thrown from his horse, the neck was dislocated, and the good man died. Not, however, before he had time to send for Seth Bede, who was astonished to behold with what calm peace and holy triumph his dying class-leader could meet the unexpected death which had so abruptly overtaken him. When the country was ringing with slanders concerning the Methodists, their great founder claimed for them this characteristic: "They die well." Nothing could be more true, but in reality it was because they had learned to live well. And so it was that Mr. Beresford could meet his awfully sudden death with such rapturous assurance and holy peace. The untoward event, nevertheless, was one of keen sorrow to Seth Bede. What could be more natural than that he should unbosom his grief to his former pastor, the Rev. W. Hicks, now removed to the Burton-on-Trent circuit? This good minister replied that it might be that God had taken away the first to establish the second. Indeed, this is what came of it, for Seth, at the age of twenty-two, was chosen leader of the class, and appointed a local preacher in the place of Mr. Beresford, and I am entitled to say also that for the long period of well-nigh sixty years he was one of the most laborious, self-sacrificing and consecrated class-leaders and local preachers that the great Methodist denomination has ever numbered in its ranks. His autobiography tells us of keen spiritual struggles, wrestlings of deep agony, and assuring triumphs of spiritual power; of rising at three or four of the clock in the morning for reading, study and prayer, of dreams and visions in the night, and of souls quickened to a new life by his efforts, which apparently is the sanction and reward of his toil.

It was, however, not all plain sailing. There were two elder brothers still at home, and the following extract will show



THORNTREE FARM, SNELSTONE, THE HOME OF MRS. GOUGH, NIECE OF SETH BEDE AND DINAH MORRIS

how they regarded the irregularities of Seth:—

"My elder brothers Robert and Thomas teased me. They told me I made blunders both in preaching and prayer, and that I had more zeal than knowledge. I dare say I had. They were High Church in their sympathies and despised the Methodists, and tried hard to argue, to baffle and confound me. I betook myself to prayer, the Lord enlightened my understanding; I became familiar with Scripture and was able to give every man a reason for the hope that was in me. My brothers and I often talked about these things in after life when we occasionally met together."

That simple touch concerning the conversations in after years is beautifully suggestive. They all lived to be old men. I happen to know that though life had sundered them apart for many years, yet they did occasionally meet, and were exceedingly united and happy with each other. Of this we are sure, Seth never repented his early choice, and I have good reason to believe that all the brothers had come to realise that for him it was the best that he could have made. Independently of church relationships, all the brothers—my own grandmother also, as their sister—were really proud of the consistent piety, simple faith and self-sacrificing goodness of Seth Bede, long years before any individual had conceived that his fragrant memory would one day be embalmed in the pages of immortal fiction. What is it decides the differing beliefs of children all brought up under the same influences at home? Here, in a

## The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

remote hamlet in Derbyshire, are five sons, all of them trained to attend the parish church, to recite the Church Catechism, to reverence the clergyman, to go forward for confirmation, and to start life as reverential Churchmen. The first dies early, but not before he had become a convert of the Methodists; the second became a Baptist, the third and fourth remained to the end of life staunch Churchmen, while the youngest son, to the close of a long career, is a devoted Methodist. All were good men, and, in spite of religious differences, maintained to old age true fraternal friendship and unbroken family unity. The Methodist cause at Snelstone has fared ill. From Mr.

firmed by other testimony. She remembers well the visits of Dinah Morris to Snelstone when she herself was a servant to Mrs. Gough, a farmer's wife, said by some writers to have been the prototype of Mrs. Poyser. This lady was a cousin of George Eliot. The servant went to Ellastone to hear Dinah Morris preach while she was visiting Mrs. Gough, the chapel at Snelstone being by this time converted into a farmhouse. I am sorry that the Society of Methodists which Seth Bede first joined has ceased to exist, while the other he mentions as existing at Roston still survives. He writes about them both with loving enthusiasm in his old age:—



FARMHOUSE AT SNELSTONE, CONTAINING A PORTION OF THE WALLS OF DISMANTLED WESLEYAN CHAPEL

"I was sure I was in my right place, for the Lord gave me souls for my hire and seals to my ministry. I found it very profitable to read the Word of God upon my knees. The Lord was very pitiful and kind. He enlightened my understanding. Very shortly I was entered on full plan with the rest of my brethren. I am now nearly eighty, and my name is still on the preaching plan. I can say: 'Hitherto the Lord hath helped me.' I feel thankful to God that I can preach a full and free salvation to a lost and ruined race. O how free it is, and how reasonable its terms, if people would but give up their sins and make their calling and election sure. I was very fond of the people I laboured amongst at Roston and Snelstone. We were all of one heart and soul, which is very delightful. Would to God it were always so!"

Beresford's room it migrated to a chapel which was built for it, to which a burial-ground was attached. In process of years the cause declined, and the responsible trustee sold the building and the graveyard to the village squire. Some few of the bodies interred there were taken up and re-interred in the parish churchyard, but there is now no mark to indicate a burial-ground, although many bodies remain in their graves, and among them that of George, the eldest son of George and Mary Evans (Thias and Lisbeth Bede). One devout old woman, who was a member there, still survives. She heard it said that the chief authority of the village gave it to be understood that there must be no more preaching in Snelstone. That view has been con-

All this, while Seth Bede was toiling at his calling of carpenter and joiner. We have Adam's own clear testimony of his industry and capacity as a workman; his labours are exacting and his hours long, yet he finds time to study well his Bible, his Concordance and dictionary; he ministers to the needs of many and is a helper of their joy. I can scarcely imagine any experience in life happier than Seth's. With good health and abounding strength for labour, a life fired with high enthusiasm, talents consecrated to Christian service, the humble joiner is one of the happiest of men. His sphere is limited, I know, his advantages for acquiring knowledge are limited; but he has learned early in his career the true secret of rest, and his life is one of the



## The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

purest content and the sweetest satisfaction even to its closing hours.

A recent biographer of George Eliot has said: "Seth Bede bores me." But then, he only knows the Seth Bede of fiction, where Seth is continually subordinated to Adam, if not more or less sacri-

visit to Wirksworth a gentleman remarked to me: "I consider Seth Bede was one of the best benefactors our town has ever had. He brought a new industry into the parish which has flourished for the greater part of a century and given employment to a great number of persons, and is flourishing

NAME	RESIDENCE	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
Samuel Evans	Wirksworth	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
Dinah Morris	Wirksworth	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100

PAGE FROM SETH BEDE'S (SAMUEL EVANS') CLASS BOOK, SHOWING AMONGST THE NAMES THOSE OF SETH BEDE HIMSELF AND DINAH MORRIS (ELIZABETH EVANS)

ficed. The supposed needs of dramatic presentation modified the relative positions of the two brothers, and in this way Seth has been overshadowed. In these papers we are telling a real-life story, and in this narration Seth will appear as one of the truest and strongest of men. On my last

to-day." This is a true witness. Its justification will appear as we proceed with our recital. Meanwhile, we must turn aside from Seth for awhile to deal with Dinah Morris. To me this character is the principal charm in the novel of *Adam Bede*.



# Jill's Red Bag

BY AMY LE FEUVRE

AUTHOR OF "PROBABLE SONS"

## CHAPTER IV. — "LET'S BE TRUANTS!"

**B**UT to-morrow found her with different intentions. She woke at six o'clock, the birds were singing, and the sun was streaming through the yellow blinds, bathing the room in golden light.

Jill and Bumps slept in a room leading out of Miss Falkner's, Jack had a small room across the passage. Softly Jill stole out of bed and peeped out of the window. It was a morning that would tempt any one out of doors. She saw a bright blue sky and sunny meadows. The fresh green trees, the spring flowers, the sweet scents of early morning all seemed to say, "Come out and enjoy us!"

Jill's cheeks grew rosy at a thought that flashed through her brain.

She opened the door softly and crossed the passage. Turning the handle of Jack's door she whispered, "Jack! Are you awake?"

Jack sprang up at once.

"Of course I am. What do you want?"

"Let's be truants to-day."

"Oh, jolly! When? How?"

Jill came in and sat on the bottom of the bed.

"We must go before breakfast, or we shan't be able to get away without being seen. Miss Falkner sends Bumps and me down at half-past seven, and breakfast isn't ready till eight, so we shan't be missed. You get the food ready and dress as quick as you can."

"And where shall we go?"

"Anywhere. What does it matter? I'll go back and wake up Bumps and tell her."

Jill crept back to her room, and Bumps, a sleepy fat bundle, was shaken into consciousness.

When she understood, she was delighted, and was full of fuss and importance at once.

"I'll take my best china mug on the mantelpiece to get some water from a thtream; and do you think I might take a umberella? because it might come on a thunderstorm; and shall I take my thpade and bucket I took to the thea?"

"Hush," whispered Jill; "you'll wake Miss Falkner. You needn't take anything, you little stupid! Keep quiet, and do what I tell you."

Bumps was not crushed. She kept up an incessant stream of shrill whispers till Jill refused to respond, and then she confided the whole plan of action to a beloved rag doll that she always took to bed with her.

It was hard to keep the secret from Miss Falkner, who always helped them to dress, but at last they were dismissed, and scampered down-stairs. Jill had quietly conveyed their hats and boots into the passage beforehand, so they had no difficulty in getting themselves ready for their day out.

Jack joined them in the hall below. One of the maids noticed them, but thought they were going into the garden, which indeed they did, though they did not stay there.

"We will walk along the road till we come to a nice field," said Jill, who was taking the lead.

"And now we've really begun to truant!" said Bumps importantly; "but please don't go quite so fatht!"

"Hurrah!" shouted Jack, throwing his cap into the air and catching it; "we're going to do no horrid lessons to-day!"

They tramped along, Bumps getting hot and breathless with her eager resolve to keep pace with the others.

"My legs is so short!" she panted ruefully; "pleath let me hold your hand, Jill."

Jill seized hold of her impatiently.

"You must be quick, Bumps, or else they'll find out we've gone, and run after us. Now, Jack, let us go across this field, it leads down to the river, and no one will find us there because the trees are so thick."

The grass was wet, but that was a trifle. Buttercups were already springing up in the meadow; larks were rising in the air singing their morning hymn of praise, and the children broke into a run. Not a shadow fell on their spirits, they felt exhilarated by the fresh morning breeze.

They reached the river and then began to think of breakfast. Jack with great pride

## Jill's Red Bag

produced his store. It was rather a fragmentary one. Two or three figs, some bits of cake and one orange were divided into three equal portions. The novelty of such a breakfast compensated for the quantity and quality. But when Bumps announced she was thirsty they looked rather dismayed.

"You must drink from the river," said Jill.

"But I might swallow some fishes," objected Bumps, "and I've no cup."

"Then you must wait till we go home. You can't be thirsty early in the morning."

Bumps heaved a sigh, and looked at the river meditatively.

"It would be nithe to take off shoes and stockings, and go through it like the children Miss Falkner told us of."

"Oh yes, we will," cried Jack. "We'll play at going to the Golden City."

Jill looked grave.

"I meant to start really to-day," she said, "but it's no good now, because we're doing a wicked thing to play truant, and you have to be good when you're walking to the Golden City. I mean to be double good to-morrow to make up."

Jack was already pulling off his shoes and stockings; his sisters quickly followed his example, and for half-an-hour or so they had a delightful time in paddling about. It is true that Bumps fell with a splash once, grazing her hands and knees against the stones and soaking her dress and pinafore, but Bumps' tumbles were so frequent that they passed unnoticed. When

they were tired of this pastime, they crossed two or three more fields, and then climbed up into some steep woods. They were very hot and tired when they reached the top, and sat down to rest.

"We've done nothing exciting yet," com-



WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY BUMPS WAS HOISTED UP

plained Jill. "I thought truants always met with lovely adventures."

"Let's have our dinner," suggested Jack, "I'm sure it's time." So again Jack's hoard was brought out, and more bits of cake and biscuits and miscellaneous scraps were divided round.

## Jill's Red Bag

"I wonder what Miss Falkner is doing," said Jack; "do you think she's hunting for us?"

"Oh, don't think of her. Come on, we must make some adventures. This is very dull."

"We'll all climb a tree," said Jack, "and pretend we're Charles II. hiding in an oak."

Bumps looked a little anxious, but Jill eagerly assented. A suitable tree was found, and up went nimble Jack, followed by Jill, who was quite as good a climber as he was.

Bumps tried her best, but failed entirely, so she sat down on the grass and cried.

Jill took pity on her, and came down to assist her. With the greatest difficulty she was hoisted up, but when she was comfortably settled on a big branch her little face shone with pride and contentment.

"It's my legs again," she said, looking down upon them with pity, "they are so short and—and inconvenient!"

"Hush!" cried Jack; "here's a wild beast coming, look out! Oh, look, look, it's a deer!"

It was indeed a stag, that had wandered out of a private park near. The children had never seen one so close before.

Their movements startled the timid animal, he threw his head up, scented and then saw them, and in a moment he had dashed away through the bushes. In another moment Jack and Jill were down on the ground racing after him.

Bumps again was left behind, and she lifted up her voice and wept a second time.

"I can't get down! Oh, Jill, come back! Take me down! I'm frightened!"

But no Jill came back, and poor Bumps sobbed away, clinging hold of the branch with her hot little hands and regarding the distance down to the ground with terrified eyes.

It seemed hours to her before any one passed her way, and then suddenly a young man with a gun across his shoulder, and a couple of dogs, came into sight.

"Man! man!" cried Bumps frantically. "I'm left behind. Come and take me down, oh, please take me down."

He started and looked up at her in astonishment, then a smile crossed his lips.

"A baby in a tree! How on earth did a small mite like you perch yourself up there?"

"I've been lefted!" sobbed Bumps. "They've run away and I'm left!"

The young man laughed, then sprang up the tree, and in another minute Bumps stood on firm ground once again.

"Thank you," she said prettily, her face wreathed in smiles. "Now please help me find Jack and Jill."

"Oh no!" ejaculated the young man; "that I refuse to do. I'm in a hurry. If you come along with me I will put you in the road again, and then you will soon find your way home."

Bumps trotted after him quite reassured, talking fast all the time.

"We're having a truant-day, and I've got to stay out till tea-time—Jill said so. It is such a long day, and I'd like to go back to Miss Falkner—she's our governess. She takes me in her lap, and I like her. Does your gun go off? Are you killing any one? Jack likes guns, I don't! Jill and him have runned after a deer with horns. I'm sorry I couldn't run after it too. But I think I'll go home by myself, I'm tired of being a truant."

She talked on to her new acquaintance till they reached the road, then he came to a standstill.

"Now where do you live? Can you find your way home?"

Bumps looked about her, then put one finger in her mouth and considered.

"I don't know this road, I'm afraid," she said slowly.

"Where do you live, child?" the young man asked impatiently.

"I live at home," said Bumps with dignity.

"What is your name? Your mother's or father's name?"

"Oh, they went to heaven years ago, we never talk about them. My name is Winnie, but I'm called Bumps."

"And your other name?"

"Winnie Baron."

The young man whistled slowly.

"I see light at last. I know your sister, Miss Baron. You have just come down from London. I'll see you home."

He seemed as anxious now to accompany Bumps back as he had been before to get rid of her.

She was perfectly content to follow him.

"You're a keeper, I expect," she said presently. "We've got two, and I'm dreadfully frightened of Andrew, he is the croth, he won't let us go into his wood at all."



But Barker is very nithe. He has a little boy who tumbled on the fender and had to have his forehead thewn up with needle and cotton! Fanthy that! And he has the cotton in him now!"

Half-an-hour afterwards Bumps and her friend were at the hall door, and Mona came hastily forward to meet them.

"Oh, Bumps, how naughty! We have been looking for you everywhere! Where are the others?"

Then as the young man raised his hat and stepped forward, Mona held out her hand.

"Sir Henry Talbot, is it not? I met you, I think, at Mrs. Archer's the other day. How very kind of you to take pity on my small sister. Do come in. We are just going to have lunch."

"I thought he was a keeper," said Bumps, staring at her sister gravely. "Do you know him, Mona?"

"Run along up-stairs to Miss Falkner. She has been out all the morning looking for you. I hope she will punish you all. You deserve it."

Mona turned sharply away into the drawing-room, and Sir Henry followed her willingly.

Bumps toiled up-stairs, feeling sore-footed and heavy-hearted. What would Jack and Jill say if their day was spoilt because of her? And what would Miss Falkner say? Great tears filled her blue eyes, but she opened the school-room door and walked in bravely.

Miss Falkner met her with a smile of relief.

"Oh, Bumps, where have you been?"

Bumps ran to her and buried her head in her lap.

"I'm thorry," she sobbed. "We were truants, but I've come back, and the others are loht!"

"Where did you leave them? It was very naughty to go away as you did. Now tell me all about it."

Bumps tried to check her tears.

"I'll never do it again," she said. "They left me up a tree, and I oughtn't to have come back at all. Jill thaid we mutht thtay out till tea-time. She'll be angry, and Jack too."

"Where are Jack and Jill?"

"I don't know. They ran away after a deer and never came back; and I waited till a man came by, and he brought me home."

No more could be got out of Bumps, who began crying again. Miss Falkner saw she was tired and hungry, so she wisely said no more, but gave her some dinner, and then made her lie down on her bed, where she soon fell fast asleep.

Meanwhile Jack and Jill were hunting high and low for Bumps. They had pursued the deer with such zeal, that they missed their path in the wood, and could not find their tree again.

"Oh, let us leave off looking," said Jack impatiently, "we shall lose all our day; Bumps is sure to find her way home."

"We can't leave her," said Jill. "She's always a bother when we bring her out. I wish we had left her behind."

But they continued their search. And at last they found the object of it, but no Bumps. Jack climbed up the tree and they shouted till they made the wood ring again, but no answer came.

"She's gone home," said Jack decisively. "We'll just enjoy ourselves without her."

"I think being truants is very dull," admitted Jill.

"I'm not enjoying myself a bit as I thought I should. We have had no adventures, and nothing has happened."

"We've lost Bumps."

"Yes, so we have. But that isn't fun to us. It's only fun to the one lost. She may be having heaps and heaps of adventures!"

"What shall we do now?"

"Oh, there's nothing to do but just walk on and see what comes."

Nothing did come. They walked right through the wood, which was a small one, and then got over a hedge into a field. Here they met a small boy carrying a milk-can.

Jill stopped him.

"I'm dreadfully thirsty," she said. "Could you give me a drink?"

"Go to your mammy!" the small boy said rudely.

Jill was hot-tempered. The scornful tone enraged her. She flew at the boy like a small whirlwind and knocked him down. Over went the can of milk, and the boy stood up at once to fight. Jack pushed Jill aside.

"I'll settle him! I'll teach him manners!" he cried.

Jill climbed a gate-post to watch results. It was not Jack's first fight, and she felt confident that he would come off victorious. She cheered him on lustily, and

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longed to be in the fray herself. But the small boy proved to be a better pugilist than Jack, and Jill was filled with dismay when she saw Jack thrown violently to the ground, his opponent sitting on his chest triumphantly.

"Will 'ee have some more?"

"Get up," said Jack sullenly.

"Not till 'ee pays me thruppence for that there milk."

Jill dived into her pocket and threw three coppers at the boy.

"I shall tell Mona, and she'll have you punished for fighting us, you wicked boy!"

The victor laughed, slung his can over his shoulder, and ran off. Jack raised himself from the ground with difficulty.

"He's given my head such a bump on the ground," he said, "that I feel quite queer."

"Your nose is bleeding, and oh! you'll have such a black eye! And your shirt is torn, and your collar bursted away!"

"Shut up," growled Jack; "he was like a bullet to hit. I believe he must have a wooden body. Let's find a stream of water, and then I can wash my face!"

They went into another field and found a stream. When Jack had put himself tidy he said slowly—

"Do you know I think we'd better go home. It isn't going to be much fun to-day, I can see. We ought to have had heaps of adventures, and we haven't had one."

"All right! It must be nearly tea-time. I do hope Bumps is all right!"

They trudged home. Jill would not acknowledge that the day had been a failure, but then she had not been vanquished in a fight. Jack had, and his spirit as well as his body was sore in consequence.

It was four o'clock when they reached home. They stole softly up-stairs, but were met by Miss Falkner on the top landing.

She looked at them in silence, then she said—

"I hope you have both enjoyed your day."

Jack shuffled into his room and shut his door without a word.

"Is Bumps home?" Jill asked in a shamefaced way.

"Yes, quite tired out, poor mite. If you put yourself tidy, Jill, I will have tea earlier. You look as if you want it."

Not a word of blame or reproach!

Jill went into her bedroom with a little lump in her throat.

"I haven't really enjoyed myself," she said, as she gazed at her untidy little self in the glass. "I think it would have been much better if I had started for the Golden City this morning, instead of playing truant."

### CHAPTER V.—"A VERY SOLEMN VOW!"

IT was Miss Falkner's custom to read the Bible every morning before she began lessons with the children.

She did not choose long chapters, but with a few words at the end tried to make them interesting to her little pupils.

One morning the subject was Jacob's flight from home. Jill was keenly interested in it.

"What did Jacob mean by giving a tenth to God?" she asked, after reading in her turn the last verse of the chapter.

Miss Falkner explained it.

"You see," she said, after telling them of the Jewish custom, "all the money that we have really comes from God. And those of us who are trying to be His servants feel we are given it to use for Him. But even so, it is nice to put apart a tenth to use especially for His work down here. A tenth means a penny out of every ten, or a shilling out of every ten, or a pound out of every ten, just as we have it given to us."

Jill's mouth and eyes were open wide.

"And if you have only nine pennies?" she asked.

Miss Falkner smiled.

"Wait till you have ten," she said.

"And what must you do with the tenth?" asked Jack; "put it into the plate at church?"

"Not always. I think it is nice to keep a little bag or box. A great many people keep a missionary-box and put their tenth in that. Sometimes you can buy something for very poor people. There are such lots of ways of spending money for God. Now we must begin lessons."

The Bibles were shut up, but the seed was sown. That afternoon, when lessons were over, the children ran out into the garden to play.

Jill's face was full of earnest resolve.

"Let's come into the plantation," she said, "I've a lovely plan in my head; only first we must look about for some big stones."

The plantation was a fir-tree one, and edged one side of the garden. Fortune

seemed in Jill's favour, for near the plantation was an old stone wall which had been partially removed.

"Now," said the little leader, "we must carry some of these right into the middle of the plantation. Into a dark corner where no one will see us."

"What for?" asked Jack.

He never obeyed unquestioningly.

"I'll tell you in a minute. I think perhaps we ought to have three heaps of stones, only it will take so long. No, one will do, and we must all three share it."

They set to work, found a corner under a tall old pine, and soon had a very respectable heap of stones collected together.

Then Jill volunteered her explanation.

"Of course, Jack, if you don't want to, you needn't, and Bumps needn't either, but I'm going to do it. This is going to be

a kind of Jacob's pillar. I've been thinking of it a lot, and I'm going to do what Jacob did."

"Run away from home?" asked Jack, his eyes lighting up with eagerness.

"No, of course not. I'm going to give a tenth of my money to God, and I must have a proper place to do it in."

"Oh," said Jack, his face falling a little; "and you want me to do it too."

"You ought to," Jill said severely.



BUMPS KNELT DOWN

"I will if Jack does," said Bumps in her breathless way; "I have five pennies!"

"You see me do it first," said Jill; "and then you can make up your mind. It's a very solemn vow, so I must have the stones properly put."

"Yes," said Jack suddenly, "and there was the oil, you know. Jacob had some oil, it's no good without it."

"Bumps must go and ask cook for some; she'll always give her anything."

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Away ran Bumps. Jack began to take a keener interest in it.

"Are you going to get very good, Jill?" he asked, looking at his sister critically.

"No," said Jill, "I'm quite sure, however much I want to be good, I shall always be very wicked. But, Jack, I've quite made up my mind to walk to the Golden City; I began the day before yesterday."

"Have you been through the river?" asked Jack in an awed whisper.

"I'm not going to talk about it," said Jill. "Miss Falkner helped me when I was in bed to start right. I'm not quite sure about the road, but I think I'm on it. And anyhow I'm quite determined to give a tenth. Now here comes Bumps. Hooray! She's got the oil!" Jill capered with delight, then checked herself. "I'm going to be properly solemn," she said, "for it isn't a game at all, it's a—vow!"

She arranged the stones a little more carefully.

"This will have to stay just as it is for years and years and years, in fact for ever," Jill announced. "When I'm an old woman with a stick and a cap I shall be led out here by all my great-grandchildren, and I shall look back and remember this day."

"That sounds lovely," said Jack admiringly. "Do begin, here's the oil!"

Jill took the bottle, but first she marshalled Jack and Bumps to a respectful distance from her altar.

"You can look on, because it will be your turns next, and there must be no laughing, because I'm in awful earnest. I've brought my Bible out to say the words properly. I shall take some of the oil, and leave you the rest."

Very gravely and deliberately Jill poured the oil on the top stone, then holding her Bible in both hands for an instant, she looked up into the blue sky above her, and then in a clear, distinct voice she read—

"And this stone which I have set for a pillar shall be God's house: and of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee."

There was a dead silence for a minute, then she turned to her witnesses.

"Say 'Amen,'" she commanded.

The "Amen" was fervently and loudly uttered.

Jill walked away and sat down under a tree.

"Don't speak to me," she said; "after a vow you must be quite quiet for five

minutes. Now, Jack, it's your turn; you know what to do."

Jack looked a little frightened.

"It's like service in church," he confided to Bumps; "are you going to do it, Bumps?"

"Oh, yeth, I'll do it," assented Bumps cheerfully, "if you does."

"I suppose I'd better."

Jack walked up to the stones and took up the bottle. He poured some oil out, then followed Jill's example and read the verse out as bravely and loudly as he could.

Jill and Bumps uttered an emphatic "Amen," and Jack came back to his tree and lay down, heaving a great sigh of relief as he did so.

"Go on, Bumps," he muttered.

Bumps trotted up to the stones, then looked helplessly round.

"I don't know what next," she said.

"Pour out some oil."

"It's a fat cork—oh! ah! it's thpilt itthelf down my pinny!"

Jill dashed up to her.

"You always spoil everything, you little stupid! Here! give the bottle to me; why, there's hardly any left! Now take it and pour it out properly, and don't keep talking so; be solemn!"

Bumps looked agitated.

"The Bible, Jill! Find the place quick! Oh, I shall never be ready! And Bible words is so hard to read. I'm 'fraid I shall never do it prop'ly. And you said the verth like thaying your prayers. Hadn't I better kneel down to make it more proper to God?"

Bumps was earnestly trying to do her best.

Jill found the verse, and left her.

"You can kneel down if you like. It is a Bible prayer, of course, but you must do it by yourself. It's a vow to God, that's what it is."

Bumps knelt down, holding the Bible devoutly in her little fat hands. She read the verse haltingly, but her whole soul was in it, and she rose from her feet triumphant.

"I've never," she confided to Jack, "thpoken to God out of doors before. He is sure to have heard me, isn't He? Did I do it quite proper, do you think?"

Jack assured her she had managed it quite satisfactorily.

Then the three children stood and looked at each other.

"The next thing," announced Jill, "is to divide our money into tens. We have done



the vow, but that's only the beginning. And we mustn't tell anybody about this place, and the stones mustn't be touched, and we must call it what Jacob did—Bethel!"

"Let's put it up somewhere," said Jack.

"Yes," said Jill eagerly; "we will get a board like a trespassers' board, and chalk it with that lovely piece of white chalk you have in your paint-box."

"But where shall we get a board?"

"Sam will make us one."

Sam was the house-carpenter who was always at work on the premises. The children loved him, for he made them many a little trifle, and he was always ready for a chat.

They marched off at once to find him, and came across him taking some planks out of his wood-shed.

Their want was soon made known. Jill was always emphatic and clear in her utterances.

"A proper trespassers' board, Sam, like you put up in the pheasant-covers last week, and I should like you to paint, 'Trespassers will be prosecuted,' to keep people away, only you must leave room for the name on the top."

"Let him paint the name too," suggested Jack, "it would look better than chalk."

Jill looked doubtfully at Sam.

"Could you paint the word 'Bethel,' Sam? I'll tell you how to spell it."

Sam grinned.

"I reckon I could, missy. You show me where you want it put, and I'll do the job!"

"But you promise on your honour you won't tell, because it's a great secret, and we don't want any one to know where it is."

"I'll be as dumb as a dog," said Sam. "Show me the spot, and be sharp, missy, for I'm extra busy to-day!"

The children led him into the plantation. He smiled when he saw the heap of stones.

"So this here is a Bethel, is it?"

"I don't believe Jacob put up a trespassers' board," said Jack, with a knowing shake of his head; "it will look very funny, Jill."

"It's to be done," said Jill. "I won't have people coming, and making fun, and pulling our stones about; and if they do come, I shall prosecute them!"

Bumps looked at her sister in awe.

"Will you thend them to prison?" she asked.

"But what is it for?" asked Sam, peering on the stones and seeing the marks of the oil; "be you going to make a sacrifice?"

"No," said Jill solemnly; "you never laugh at us, Sam, so I'll tell you; and if you like to join us you shall. It's a vow we've made to God. You can read about it in your Bible if you like. We're going to be like Jacob, and give God a tenth of our money."

Sam scratched his head.

"I'll make the board, missy, but I can't promise to jine you."

"Well, make it as quick as you can, and if you read about Jacob like Miss Falkner and us, you'll want to do it too!"

Sam did not respond, but he promised to make the board, and the children, hearing their tea-bell ring, ran off to the house.

They did not tell Miss Falkner of their afternoon's performance, though Bumps was sadly wanting to do so. After tea their governess sat down to write a letter, and told them to amuse themselves quietly.

Jill gathered her forces into a corner of the room.

"Now then," she said; "have you got your money?"

"Yes," replied Jack, shaking out his pockets; "here is all mine, but it's precious little! Here's a threepenny-bit and a sixpence and two pennies. How am I to get a tenth out of it? It's as bad as sums."

Jill took the money, spread it out on the floor, and then sat down in front of it to consider it, with a face as grave as a judge's.

"You have eleven pennies," she said; "take one away, and that leaves ten; take a penny out of that, and that's your tenth."

Jack looked completely puzzled.

"And what am I to do with the first penny that I take away?" he asked.

"You must keep that to go on for another ten pennies," said Jill with a knitted brow. "I'm sure that will be right, and the ninepence you can spend any day you like."

"I'll spend it to-morrow, I think. I want a kite that I saw in the shop in the village, and I believe it costs about that. What am I to do with my tenth?"

"Keep it in a box or bag. Miss Falkner told you that. Now, Bumps, what have you got?"

"Five pennies," said Bumps importantly.

"You can't give a tenth then," said Jill, "for you haven't got one."

Bumps looked ready to cry.

"I'm alwayth being left out," she said;



## Jill's Red Bag

"do pleath make it come right. Can't I give one penny?"

A brilliant idea struck Jack.

"Change it into halfpennies, and she'll have ten!" he said.

Jill and Bumps both brightened up.

"Yes, Bumps, that will be the thing; you must put a halfpenny by, and that will be your tenth. I have two halfpennies you can have instead of your penny."

It needed a good deal of explaining to Bumps before she was completely satisfied. When that was done Jill produced her own purse. She was the richest of the three, for she owned three shillings and sixpence, but how to get a tenth out of it was a puzzle.

Miss Falkner, hearing their eager, excited voices, came to the rescue, and showed Jill that fourpence was the tenth of forty pence, and the two over would go towards the next tenth. Then she delighted her small pupils by producing a pretty scarlet flannel bag which she gave them as a "Tenth" bag. Their united coins rattled in, and though it was only fivepence-halfpenny, they felt as proud of it as if it had been five pounds.

"It's a beginning," said Jill to her governess as she was tucking her up in bed that night. "That's two beginnings I've made since you came to us."

Miss Falkner's eyes glistened as she bent over her.

"My little Jill, I shall pray that God may never let you go back from these beginnings, as you call them. Ask Him to help you, dear. It is easier sometimes to make a beginning than go steadily on."

"Yes," said Jill sleepily; "but that's because the Golden City is such a long way off!"

### CHAPTER VI.—"GOD'S CABBAGES"

SAM was as good as his word. Before a week was out a minute board was erected by the children's heap of stones.

Big white letters confronted any passer-by—

"BETHEL.

TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED."

And Jill made a point of visiting the spot at least once a day, to be sure that it was left unmolested.

"I'm coming to tea with you, Sam, soon," she announced one afternoon, as she sat on

a gate swinging herself to and fro, and watching the carpenter repairing a fence.

Sam lived alone with his old father, in a rose-covered cottage at the corner of the village.

Sam was devoted to roses, and his little front garden was given up to their cultivation.

The back one was in his father's charge, and he grew cabbages.

"Father will be pleased to see you, missy, and so shall I," was Sam's quiet response.

"Then you must invite me properly, and ask me to-morrow, for Mona is going to take Miss Falkner out for a drive. And then we have tea with Annie. I hate my tea poured out by a schoolroom-maid!"

Jill's little nose was tilted scornfully in the air.

"Ay," said Sam, smiling; "to-morrow will suit first-rate, missy. Father and me presents our duty, and will be pleased if you will favour us with your company to tea to-morrow at five o'clock."

This was the usual formula, and Jill clapped her hands in delight; then she said with becoming gravity—

"I shall be very pleased to come, Sam. Tell Mr. Stone I will favour him."

Then she ran into the house, and told Jack and Bumps where she was going.

They were inclined to be cross at first, but Jack soon recovered himself.

"We'll do quite well without you. I shall play at Sinbad the Sailor, and Bumps is going to be my Old Man of the Sea. Annie likes to join sometimes, and we'll have our tea in the garden. She likes that, for the gardener has a cup of tea with us."

Miss Falkner heard of the invitation, but raised no objection, so punctually at five o'clock the next evening, Jill walked into Sam Stone's cottage.

He and his father were expecting her. The tiny kitchen was in perfect order, and looked spotlessly clean.

The table was laid for tea; and a boiled egg for Jill, besides some watercress and currant buns, gave it quite a festive air.

Old Mr. Stone looked delighted to see her. He was a tall active old man, with a long grey beard, and had always plenty to say for himself.

"'Tis a pleasure to see you, missy. Come right in, an' sit comfortable on my poor wife's rocking-cheer. 'Twas the last thing she sat in afore she died, an' I see her in it now a-gaspin' an' chokin', an' smilin' up at

me so sadly like. 'Jim,' she sez, 'tis the Lord that did give me to yer, an' 'tis the Lord that do be goin' to take me away from yer. Thank Him,' she sez, 'for all His mercies!' An' I sez to her, 'Jenny, my heart can't thank if my lips can, an' I'd rather say nothin' just now to the Almighty.' Jenny, she were allays so properly religious!"

"And are you properly religious too, Mr. Stone?" questioned Jill as she took her seat at the table, and commenced with great pride and solemnity to pour out tea. She was always given the post of honour, behind the big flowered tin tea-tray, and much enjoyed the responsibilities of her position.

The old man shook his head.

"I fear I be a very improper Christian," he said.

"I wonder," said Jill reflectively, "whether your wife gave a tenth to God. Miss Falkner thinks all proper good people do."

"What be that, missy?"

"It's what Jacob did, you know, and we're going to try to do it. Don't you remember his vow? 'Of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee.'"

Old Mr. Stone nodded his head.

"My fayther did allays give a little to our rector; that be it missy, that be it. 'Tis the beginning of it you have told of!"

"Do tell me," said Jill eagerly. "Do you think we could give our tenths to our rector?"

Sam and his father both tried then to give Jill a dissertation on tithes. She hardly grasped it, but child-like returned pertinaciously to her business in hand.

"I want Sam to join us. I'm sure he has a lot of money. I hear it jingle in his pocket. And won't you too, Mr. Stone? If you will, you can come to our 'Bethel' and do it quite properly."

"I tell missy we be hard-workin' people, that be scarcely able to feed ourselves," said Sam.

"But a tenth isn't much," argued Jill. "Out of forty pennies you only have to give four. How much do you get from Mona, Sam?"

"A pound a week," answered Sam stolidly.

"Now, how many tens are in that, I wonder," Jill went on with interest; "you see, Sam, Miss Falkner says God sends us everything, so it does seem rather mean never to give anything back, doesn't it?"

"I reckon," said Mr. Stone, looking at

his son with a twinkle in his eye, "that two shillin' be a tenth o' Sam's money, not to speak of his other odd jobs that he do get in an' out."

"We should be on the way to the House, missy, if I did give away such a bit as that!"

"Oh, no, you wouldn't, for God just sends it back, Miss Falkner says, in other kind of ways. Only He is pleased if we think of Him."

"If I were a rich man," said old Mr. Stone, "I'd give the Almighty a tenth. 'Tis a cryin' shame the rich be so grudgin' wi' their wealth; but we poor humble folk be not expected to do such things!"

"Haven't you got anything to give God, Mr. Stone?"

"Nothin' at all," responded the old man with a sigh. "Sam do take care of his old father, an' I sells my cabbages an' helps all I can; but since Christmas twelvemonth the rheumaty pains in my innerds be so cruel bad, that I be creepin' on to churchyard slow and sure."

A little gloom seemed to have fallen on the tea-party. Then Jill started another subject.

"When are you going to be married, Sam?"

Sam threw up his head and laughed aloud. He was a confirmed old bachelor and did not, as he expressed it, "like the ways of women."

"Ah, missy, I'll wait till you set the example."

"Oh, but I don't mean to marry at all. I shall be like Mona. Cook told Annie the other day that Mona was going to marry Captain Willoughby, and I told Mona, and she was very angry, and then she laughed and said that cook had already married her to over a dozen people. I don't quite know what she meant—but I think you ought to marry, Sam, and cook thinks so too. She says a house isn't a home without a woman!"

Sam laughed again.

"A woman, missy, is an ork'ard customer to deal with. There is smiles, 'tis true, but then there's tears, an' I can't abide 'em! An' there's a great chattering, and there's a spendin', not so much in pots an' pans an' good wholesome food, but in ribbons an' silks an' finery. An' many a maid turns her man to drink, from her contrary tempers. Best be wi'out them, I say, an' so do fayther."

## Jill's Red Bag

They talked away till tea was over, and then Jill accompanied old Mr. Stone into the back garden.

He pointed out to her row after row of his fine cabbages.

"One hundred and fifty-two, missy, an' all sowed from seed, an' I've tended 'em like chillen."

Jill walked up and down amongst the cabbages with a thoughtful air. Suddenly she stood still, seized with an inspiration.

"Mr. Stone, you've got cabbages! The text says, 'Of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee.' You must give a tenth of your cabbages to God. Oh, do, won't you? And then you can join us. How many tens have you got? Let us go through, and mark every tenth cabbage off for God. That's the way to do it. How shall we mark them? Will Sam let us have some of that red worsted he ties up his roses with? I'll ask him. Just wait a minute. I know how to do it!"

Jill flew into the house breathless and excited, without waiting for the old man's reply. She returned triumphant with her ball of red wool. "Sam thinks it will be very nice. I told him. And you know, Mr. Stone, God did give the cabbages to you. He made them grow, you didn't!"

The old man looked at her queerly. Then he fetched his pipe out of his pocket and began to smoke.

"Them cabbages fetch three-halfpence each in the market, and cheap at the price," he said.

Jill marched along the first row until she arrived at the tenth cabbage, then she broke off a piece of her red wool, and tied it through one of the leaves.

"There, Mr. Stone, that's God's cabbage. Now I'll go on to the next, and then you'll know how many you will have to give."

"What am I to do wi' 'em, missy? Take 'em to church?"

Jill sat down on an old wheelbarrow to consider. "Why," she said presently with a beaming smile, "when you take up a cabbage with a piece of red wool on it, you must sell it for God, and put the money in a little bag, and then give it to the poor."

"P'raps," said the old man with a chuckle, "it will find its way back into my pocket, for I'm a very poor old body, very poor indeed!"

"You're making a joke of it," said Jill, flushing a deep red. "I mean a real starving person, when I talk of the poor. Would

you rather give it to the collection in church, Mr. Stone?"

"Aye, p'raps that would be the best way to work it."

So taking that as a promise, Jill set to work with a will, and before she left that evening she had marked off fifteen cabbages, the tenth of the old man's property.

"And now if you really like to give them, will you come to-morrow to 'Bethel' and do your vow?"

Mr. Stone wavered, but finally Jill won him over, and he promised to be outside the fir plantation the very next day.

Jack and Bumps were full of interest when Jill told them of her evening's work. It did much towards solacing Bumps, who had a bruised head and a badly grazed knee, but wounds were generally her lot after an hour or two alone with Jack.

"I wath the old man of the thea," she explained to Jill, "and I couldn't thtick on. Jack jumped and rolled and kicked me up in the air to get me off, and I had to try to be on all the time. It wath very differeult!"

She was rather doubtful about the cabbages.

"I thought it wath to be money. God really does make money and give it to us, but does He make cabbages? I thought they growed of theirselves."

"How do you think God makes money?" Jack asked.

Bumps thought hard for a minute.

"I 'spect He just drops pennies and shillings into the ground when no one is looking, and then lets us find them. I know they does come from under the earth, becauth Miss Falkner told me."

Jill tried to explain that cabbages brought in money, and it was the money for them that would be the tenth, and after a time Bumps was satisfied.

They were all present the next day when old Mr. Stone was initiated into the mysteries of Bethel. But he shook his head sternly at the heap of stones.

"No, no, that there altar is idol'try, that is what it be. The chapel folk would turn me out if I went for to forget myself in such a heathen-like way! Pour oil on it? Indeed no, missy. That be like the cannibal heathen who offer up sacrifices and living bodies, an' such like."

"But Jacob did," argued Jill. "We've kept most particular to the Bible."

"Ah, well, Jacob had to answer to the Almighty for it, an' I won't be his judge.

## Jill's Red Bag

But I'm a chapel man myself, though I favours the church on occasions. I'll say the words, missy, an' then you must let me go. My poor wife used to give to charity an' such like. I remember her handin' a penny out of the windy to a tramp one day. I could do with a deal more religion, I owns, for though I thinks little, I knows I ought to thank my Maker more for His mercy an' goodness. An' He is kindly welcome to my cabbages—them that be marked with red wool. So now, missy, where be the book?"

The Bible was put into his hand, and the verse pointed out, but he would only repeat the last part of it.

The children chorused "Amen," and then he was led away, but his words left an uncomfortable feeling behind.

"Is it like the heathens to have a heap of stones, I wonder?" said Jill, sitting down on the grass and looking at the pile.

"It's all rubbish!" said Jack. "Jacob wouldn't have done a wicked thing, when he was making a vow to God."

"Arth Miss Falkner," was Bumps' suggestion. But Jill would not agree to this.

"It's a secret," she said; "we mustn't tell everybody. I think I'm rather sorry I brought Mr. Stone here. Sam didn't think it wicked."

Then she jumped up. "Come along, let us have a game of hide-and-seek."

Away they scampered, making the garden ring with their shouts, and "Bethel" was forgotten for the time.

*(To be continued.)*

## A Humble Handmaid

BY MAUD CHURTON AND HORACE WYNDHAM

SURELY the sun must have been shining his hardest when Mollie was born, for some of his beams had found their way down into her heart, and this it was, perhaps, that made her one of the sweetest, brightest, and best of maids that ever lived to gladden a dull world with her sunny presence.

She had the gentle eyes of a woman who is born with the heart of a mother. Tall and slender in figure, her hair was soft as clouds in a summer sky; her skin clear and fresh, with a rose in each cheek. She was the sort of woman who is always young, and strangers supposed her to be about eighteen, instead of her real age, twenty-six.

Her mother had died years ago, and only a faint memory remained in the little household. Business kept the father in New York, and, save for an occasional flying visit, he saw scarcely anything of his family. Consequently it was on Mollie's shoulders that fell the task of being father, mother, counsellor, and housekeeper combined to all her brothers and sisters. And of this every one agreed she acquitted herself more than well. Two of the elder boys were already on the way to earning their own living, one being articled to a solicitor, and the other a medical student

at Guy's Hospital. A third boy, still at school, and three sisters completed her little family in the tiny West Kensington flat.

Mollie made the home. Mollie was the sunshine, the confidante, the sympathetic listener to, and partaker in all the joys and troubles of those boys and girls. They couldn't help loving her, she was indispensable. Without her ever-ready aid, nothing could be done; deprived of her assistance, no scheme or business could be properly carried through.

When the boys wanted to bring their friends home, Mollie was always agreeable. The word trouble was never mentioned by her, and when the merry-making was over, if the work of tidying-up was naturally left to her, she did it gladly, and without saying anything about it. Her brothers were proud to let "the fellows" see what a good manager their sister was—what pleasant little dinners she could plan—what cheery evenings she could arrange. She was always the moving spirit of the games, and entered into them with the greatest zest imaginable. If ever things seemed to be going flat, Mollie would throw herself into the breach, and sing and dance every one back into good temper again.



## A Humble Handmaid

She wrote bright letters every week to the boy at school. Very cheerfully, too, she would tell her father in New York how splendidly they were all getting on.

Their father's chief anxiety being as to the future welfare of his girls, she volunteered to "learn something," so as to be independent in case of emergency. So it came about that after "the children"—always children to her, despite the broad shoulders and incipient moustaches of the boys and the long frocks of the girls—had been given their breakfast, the meals arranged for the day, and the household wheels set moving generally, she would go off to a typewriting-office in the City, and study hard for three hours.

"I can't give any more time to it, Miss Knight," she had said to the manageress, "for they want me at home."

"They want me at home!"—this was the keynote of her life.

Even into the hard routine of the busy copying-office she brought the sunshine of her presence. The long hours never seemed so weary to the other girls in the office when Mollie was there with her bright smile and cheerful word for all. Little wonder that she soon gained their affection, and there was general lamentation when, her course finished, she returned no more.

It had been a source of real regret to Mollie that she could make no use of her newly-gained knowledge. She would dearly have liked to have earned a little money towards the household expenses. This, however, was out of the question. She could not possibly manage to devote the whole day to the work of a secretary or clerk, although her friend Miss Knight had offered to get her such a post. She consoled herself with the thought that now at least she had something to fall back upon, should necessity arise.

So the days went on—never long enough for Mollie. The eldest of her sisters was married, and already a younger one talked of leaving home. But though men in plenty had come asking for her, Mollie remained. She could not be spared. "I can never love any husband so well as my dear boys and girls—and I could never, never leave them." This was the answer she made to one and all.

But at last on the horizon of her life came one whom Mollie thought she *could* love well enough to take even this step.

He was a young doctor whose acquaintance her brother Jim had formed at Guy's. Most of the boys' friends were her juniors, but Dick Thornton was just a year older than she. But at first the same insuperable obstacle presented itself. Mollie was firm in her resolve not to leave the "children."

"I can't, I can't," she said over and over again in answer to his passionate entreaty. "Don't ask me, Dick. They want me at home!"

"Then they've got to do without you," answered the other sturdily, "because I want you most. Sooner or later you'll have to leave them. The boys will go out into the world themselves presently; Margaret's already married; Hilda is engaged, and as for Letty, she's nearly seventeen, surely she can keep house for them? You did, at her age."

"I'm different. Letty's such a child, and then she could never make the boys happy—Arthur is so delicate, too—and, oh, it won't do at all!"

But he was a persistent wooer, and not the man to readily give up such a one as Mollie, a woman worth a dozen battles. So he asked her again and again, and at last, obtained her half-promise "to think it over."

\* \* \* \* \*  
That evening at tea-time she timidly broached the subject.

"Thornton wants to marry you? What confounded cheek!"

"I wouldn't have thought it of old Dick."

"As if you'd look at the fellow! We couldn't spare our Mollie, could we, girls?"

"I should think not, indeed! Of course you sent him away like the others?"

"Y-yes—I sent him—away."

Then they all commenced hugging her. She was not going to desert them. She was their own Mollie after all.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Presently she crept away to her own little room. Unlocking her writing-case, she took from it a photograph that none but herself out of all the household had ever been permitted to see. For some minutes she looked at it yearningly.

"Good-bye, Dick dear. Good-bye, my love," she said softly.

Then her face grew set, as of some great purpose, and holding the man's photograph in her hand, she went towards the brightly burning fire.



# Proposed Emigration Scholarships

## A PLEA FOR DESERVING LADS

*Illustrated by Photographs kindly lent by the Canadian Emigration Office*

**W**E have long thought that much more might be done to help the sons of parents with small incomes who belong to the poorer middle and labouring classes. Scholarships are provided at the Universities, but are often obtained by the sons of well-to-do parents. Little is done to help deserving lads to enter on a trade or calling other than "the learned professions."

and many thousands can never rise beyond the drudgery of hard work from morning to night—from youth to age. Most of them can never save enough to start for themselves, but amongst them are many who would, with slight assistance, rise above this condition and become prosperous citizens in our colonies.

Such help can be given at small cost.



GATHERING APPLES FOR EXPORT, CANADA

There are thousands of lads in this country—honest, energetic, industrious—who have to leave school at thirteen or fourteen years of age. They become clerks, errand boys, farm labourers, porters, etc. Their earnings are very small, seldom enough to keep themselves. As they emerge from boyhood they enter a sphere where there is an ever-increasing competition, and the difficulty becomes year by year more complicated. Their parents are not in a position to give them monetary assistance,

At the present moment there are splendid openings in Canada, and we propose, if funds are entrusted to us for the purpose, to establish

### Emigration Scholarships

These scholarships would be given to lads of the classes indicated above, for the purpose of paying their passage to Canada, enabling them to find situations with respectable farmers, and subsequently providing a

## Proposed Emigration Scholarships



PACKING APPLES FOR EXPORT, CANADA

small money grant when they are able to start for themselves.

Each scholarship should be worth £20. Of this sum, £10 will pay travelling expenses to the destination decided on, with an allowance towards purchase of outfit. The second £10 would be given after a period of service, when evidence has been shown of money saved by those sent out, on their taking up a grant of land from the Canadian Government, or starting on their own account by taking shares or renting a farm.

### Prospects for Lads Emigrating

The Canadian Commissioner of Emigration writes to us regarding this movement—

"The prospects of employment of lads such as I have referred to are beyond question. There is a demand for labour of this kind not only throughout the older provinces, but in the western part of Canada, far exceeding the supply. I have no doubt whatever but that the possibility of a movement of that kind being inaugurated here would meet with a very hearty reception and still more active demand for farm assistants of this character.

"If your project takes practical form, I have no hesitation in giving you the assurance that the most hearty co-operation, without direct responsibility, will be given by the officers of the Emigration Branch of the Department of the Interior by advertising the fact of a movement of this kind being in prospect, and asking for applications from farmers throughout the Dominion of Canada, i. e. farmers in good circumstances who are prepared to furnish deserving and industrious lads with a home for two or three years, so that, in the meantime, they may become acquainted with the condition of life in

Canada preparatory to entering into agricultural life for themselves."

### Selection of Candidates

We propose that each candidate for a scholarship should produce a statement,

- (a) as to his education,
- (b) as to his physical fitness for emigration and hard work,
- (c) as to his character.

Such statement must in every case be signed by three residents in his locality, namely,  
a schoolmaster,  
a medical man,  
and a clergyman or minister.

Under the head of (a) education candidates will be expected to show that, where possible, they have attended a technical school, and have some knowledge of carpentry, and, when they reside in the country, that they have some knowledge of farm work.

### Care of the Emigrants

The Committee of the Self-Help Emigration Society have undertaken to co-operate most heartily in this scheme. They will take charge of the lads, arrange for their going out under proper supervision, and only leave them when they are placed in the care of one of their many correspondents.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Earl of Aberdeen is President of the Society, and its Committee includes Lord Monkswell, Sir R. W. Proctor Beauchamp, Sir W. Braughton Gurdon, Walter Hazell, Esq., and other well-known men.



VINEYARD NEAR HAMILTON, ONTARIO

## Proposed Emigration Scholarships



DRIVING COWS TO PASTURE, CANADA

The Self-Help Society have been assisting to send emigrants to the Colonies for eighteen years; they have sent out nearly seven thousand persons, and have over one hundred correspondents in various parts of the Colonies. Only emigrants of good character are assisted, and these men have acquired such a good name among colonial farmers that the demand for Self-Help emigrants is always largely in excess of the supply.

The following extracts taken from the letters of a young man of twenty-two sent out this year show the every-day life of the country, and show most clearly that no lad should go out unless he has a capacity for hard work and a strong desire to get on. With these qualifications every lad can in a few years become a freeholder.

The first extracts are from the province of Quebec in Eastern Canada, and those later from Western Canada, but written by the same person.

July 1902.

"Our farm is about three-quarters of a mile from the

village, and it is a pretty dirty walk here in wet weather, as they make their own roads. A wooden sidewalk goes right through the town, and right along each side are maple-trees; all the houses and shops have verandahs in front of them. Our farm is about a hundred and ten acres, and there are only three of us to do the work. On the farm we have sixteen cows, and two at pasture, five calves, six horses, a bull, a sow and nine pigs, ducks, hens, and eleven cats. I have a bedroom to myself, and am very comfortable. The boss calls me at 4.30, and we start milking about five. . . . I then feed the pigs and so quiet their din, and then get the milk-wagon out and back it against the milk-stand, and put on the churns, and then carry the milk out in the buckets and strain it into the churns. We have about three churns full. The boss takes it all down to the factory, where all the milk

about here goes to, as they make it into butter. Then I take the cows down to the pasture; and a nice job it is, too, as I have to take them right across the track where the trains run; when I have opened one gate and gone across to the other, the cows have all wandered up the track each way, and some have gone back up the lane, and I have to go back and fetch them. Then I pump their water for them, and by the time I get back it is about seven o'clock, and I am ready for breakfast: porridge with plenty of milk, tea, and plenty of bread-and-butter, with bacon or an egg, and molasses.



TAKING MILK TO THE BUTTER FACTORY

## Proposed Emigration Scholarships

"After that the boss is back from the factory, bringing all the milk, as they just separate the cream, and we keep the rest for the pigs. I then mix their food up in a tub, and so have it ready for them during the day. Then I go and clean out the cow-stable and feed and water the bull, and then clean out the horse-stable. After that there is work on the land. We have been clearing out the yard and carting the manure away. Then this has to be spread, and it is pretty hard work. . . . I always eat a good dinner, and enjoy it. We always have some kind of pie, and always bread-and-butter and tea at dinner. Then in the afternoon go back to manure the land again, and bring the cows home about four o'clock. After tea, which is another meal I enjoy, we milk again; I take the cows back after milking, and then feed the pigs and water the horses; so you see it is a very long day, and I generally feel very tired and ready for bed. I always have a cup of milk and some bread or a bit of cake for supper, and get to bed about half-past eight or a quarter to nine. I am glad when Sunday comes, as I get nearly the whole day to myself. I get ten dollars per month and board and washing here"

Aug. 9.

"I weighed this morning, and have gained four pounds since I came out. I have never felt so well as I have been since I came out here. I haven't known what it is to cough or have a headache. The early morning dew and fresh air I take instead of Kepler's, it is not so expensive; hard work for indigestion, instead of Mother Seigel's Syrup, and being well shaken up on a hay-wagon is a better cure for liver complaint than Carter's little liver pills, whilst for clearing the complexion a good hard sweat in the hay-loft is better than many quack advertisements for it."

Aug. 31, Manitoba.

"I certainly shan't go back east again, now I am out here. All round us lies the huge extent of prairie. Just as far as your eye can reach there is nothing but wheat, except for bush in places, which relieves the monotony of the scene. Prairie chickens, wild ducks, coyotes, gophers, jack rabbits, and dozens of other specimens of bird and animal life abound. . . ."

Sept. 14.

"On Friday I went with the wagon to a man's farm about two and a half miles away, to help him with his threshing. I was pitching in all day. We had a fine dinner—boiled pork, potatoes, cabbage, beet-root, big jars of pickled onions, bread-and-butter, scones, rice-pudding with sultanas in, apple-tart and tea.

"The work in the harvest is no harder, in fact, not so hard as the work I have been doing. We start at seven o'clock, knock off at twelve, then have quite a long rest after dinner, then work until seven, then finish and go to supper. For that I get, in English money, five shillings and twopence per day and my board and lodging."

It is to enable lads of this class to find a comfortable home and a prosperous career in a new land that we propose to found these scholarships. We shall be glad to receive donations for this purpose, addressed to the Editor,

*The Leisure Hour,*  
56 Paternoster Row,  
London, E.C.

### LETTERS FROM THE DUKE OF ARGYLL AND THE EARL OF ABERDEEN

The Editor sent proofs of the above article to some prominent men who have knowledge of Canadian life. He gives the following extracts from some letters which reached him.

The Duke of Argyll, formerly Governor-General of Canada, in a letter to the Editor dated Jan. 13, 1903, says—

"A very good plan. . . .

"Yours faithfully,

"ARGYLL."

The Earl of Aberdeen, also a former Governor-General of Canada, writes—

*"Haddo House, Aberdeen,*  
January 15, 1903.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have to thank you for your letter of the 12th inst., with advance proof of article on proposed Emigration Scholarships.

"The scheme seems excellent, and I beg to offer my hearty good wishes for its success.

"I remain,

"Yours very faithfully,

"ABERDEEN."

# Over-Sea Notes

*From Our Own Correspondents*

## State Insurance and the Sick

SOME interesting reports have been published by the German Government of the part which the Imperial Insurance institutions have taken in actively providing for the wants of their sick subscribers. It is satisfactory to know that most of the persons assisted were persons who but for these institutions would have been utterly destitute. In 1897, when the treatment of the sick at the cost of the institutions first began, 10,564 were benefited. In 1901, for which the statistics are now published, 32,710 persons were treated. In 1897 the money expended on the treatment of the sick was £103,570; in 1901 it was £395,610. The result of the five years is that 104,498 persons have been treated at a total cost of £1,148,000. In the treatment of tuberculosis these institutions have been most successful. In some sanatoria as many as 80 per cent. of the patients have been dismissed as perfectly cured.—M. A. M.

## The Decay of the Danish Nobility

ACCORDING to the Danish national economist, Emil Elberling, the ancient Danish nobility is in a parlous condition and hastening to extinction. Numerous ancient families have departed, in the course of the years, to Sweden, Norway and Germany, and can be no longer regarded as Danes. Another important section of the nobility is being rapidly merged into the middle class by intermarriage and trade. Numerous families are simply dying out. During the past ten years fourteen families have totally disappeared, and nine others have only female descendants. It is remarkable the number of Danish noble families to whom only daughters are born. In the next thirty years over thirty families must disappear for this reason. The noble, as holder of influential positions, is fast disappearing in Denmark. In their Parliament the Danes have only one noble in the upper chamber, and in the lower only five. In the army only one general is of noble blood.

M. A. M.

## Russian Railways in Persia

THE newspapers recently announced that the Russian Government intended to push their Caucasian railway system from Erivan, just under Mount Ararat, to the Persian frontier,

and that the work would be begun this spring. In *The Leisure Hour* we do not follow the course of events for their political interest alone, and in this particular case the extension of Russian enterprise is not only interesting from a political point of view, but is significant as probably marking the beginning of a social and commercial revival in the ancient kingdom of Persia. The railway to the Persian frontier will undoubtedly increase Russian influence in the Shah's northern province; but it will do much to bring these backward provinces into the current of modern life. The new extension will be about seventy miles long, and if its terminus for the present will be some point on the river Araxes there will be direct railway communication established, not only from the Black Sea to North Persia, but from all parts of Europe as well. It is, of course, inevitable that the line once on the Araxes an extension will be taken in hand at once, and that the line will be run without delay to Tabriz, the commercial capital of North Persia, and distant from the Russian frontier about one hundred and ten miles. The continuation of the line from Tabriz to Teheran, the State capital, will depend on the means at the disposal of the Russian Government; but those Russian papers most in the confidence of the Government assert that Teheran will be united to Europe by railway before 1910. Still greater projects are being discussed—the extension of the railway from Teheran to the Great Shii place of pilgrimage, Meshkhed; but as Meshkhed is five hundred miles distant from Teheran we need not expect to see the realisation of this plan for many years to come.—M. A. M.

## Most Northerly Railway in the World

A FEW weeks ago the most northerly railway in the world was opened for traffic. For its whole length it lies within the Arctic regions. The greater part of it is in Swedish territory, and only a small part cuts through the narrowest portion of Norway until it reaches the Norwegian harbour of Narvik. Until quite recently this line ended at Gellivara in latitude 67° 7'. Narvik, where it now ends, lies in latitude 68° 28'. The chief object of the line, which now connects the Northern Baltic with the Atlantic, is to open up the rich mineral resources of North Sweden and to carry them chiefly to



## Over-Sea Notes



THE MOST NORTHERLY RAILWAY IN THE WORLD

Narvik. The new railway, which will be known as the Ofoten line, is about 140 miles long, and cost about one and a half million pounds. That part of it which cuts Norway is about 25 miles long, and cost over half a million. The Norwegian section runs through territory altogether uninhabited, and is one of the most difficult pieces of railway engineering in the world. In this short distance there are sixteen tunnels, the longest of which is about 2100 feet. The bridges and viaducts are innumerable, and some of them cross the most gloomy and unfathomable gorges in Europe. The Swedish mine-owners reckon on sending 1,250,000 tons of ore annually to the Atlantic coast. Politically the new line will also be important, as it connects Narvik on the Atlantic with the Russian railway system through Gellivara, Lulea, and Uleaborg in Finland.—M. A. M.

### The Distribution of Population in Europe

THE German Statistical Department has worked out some interesting facts relating to the distribution of population in Europe, and based on the very latest census returns. Population is most congested in Belgium and Holland. Belgium has 228 inhabitants to the square kilometre, Holland 160. Following these little countries comes Great Britain with 132, Italy with 113. The German Empire takes the fifth place with 104. Austria, excluding Hungary, 430

has 87, and the little Swiss Confederation comes close behind with 80. France, whose area corresponds pretty closely with that of Germany, has been left far behind by its powerful rival. In France there are only 72 inhabitants to the square kilometre—little more, that is to say, than half the number which stands to the credit of England. Hungary follows with 59, Denmark with 57, Portugal with 55, Servia with 52, and Roumania with 45. The remaining States of Europe are below the average of Europe, which is about 40. Greece contains only 37 inhabitants to the square kilometre, Spain 36, Turkey in Europe 34, Bulgaria 33, Russia 20, Sweden 11, and Norway 6. It is evident, therefore, that the centre and western portions of the Continent are most congested. If the population of Europe, which has now risen to 391,400,000, were to be evenly distributed over the 9,698,230 square kilometres of area, a migration of the nations would take place exactly contrary to the historical movement from east to west. In Germany 34 millions would need to pack up and undertake the uninteresting journey to Russia. This gigantic movement, however, would in no way suffice to bring up the population of the Russian steppes to the European average. In order to do so 75 millions would need to emigrate to Russia from other European countries—from Belgium five and a half millions, from Holland four millions, from Austria 12 millions, from Hungary six millions, from Italy 21 millions, from France 17 millions, from Switzerland one and a half millions, and from England, Ireland, and Scotland five millions. There would be still 24 millions too many in the British Isles. These with half a million superfluous Danes would have to emigrate to the unfruitful rocks and hills of Scandinavia. A contingent of Portuguese would emigrate to the highlands of Spain, and the happy inhabitants of the Balkan peninsula would remain in their homes without any foreign invaders troubling their peace. So enormous a migration of the peoples could not be carried out, of course, without tremendous bloodshed or without reducing the European average below 40. Under the circumstances the German statisticians come to the conclusion that it is best to leave things as they are.—M. A. M.

### The Clericals and the Italian Elections

By order of the Vatican the Italian arch-dioceses and dioceses have accomplished a very important work in statistics, that of establishing, should the Pope decide to abolish the *non expedit*,

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by which Roman Catholics are now forbidden to participate in political elections, how many votes they can count upon, and how many seats in Parliament can be conquered by candidates having a strictly *intransigent* Roman Catholic programme. This work has been entrusted to the parish priests and to the local Roman Catholic associations, which have done it with great accuracy, but with a desire to especially please their lay leaders, the heads of the so-called young Catholic Party, who are most anxious to measure themselves with the "Liberals" in the political field. Even obeying this tendency the result of the statistics, according to what is known, is not very satisfactory, as it appears that the pure *intransigent* Roman Catholic thinks they would be able to carry the day in about 100 out of the 508 constituencies, while in another 100, joining with the Conservatives, they would be able to insure the success of candidates not entirely against them. This leads to the conclusion that by their own confession they think they may scarcely count on one-fifth of the whole electoral body. However, more practical statistics, which can by no means fail, reduce their forces to much less, as will be easily seen by the following figures. In Italy the right to vote, which formerly was only granted to citizens having a certain income, was years ago extended to all who are of age and can read and write, so that if there were no illiterates and all qualified went to inscribe themselves on the electoral lists, the electors would be over 7,000,000. On the contrary, as there is still unfortunately about 40 per cent. of the population totally uneducated, the electors should be 4,000,000, whereas only 2,000,000 citizens have done their duty by signing the lists, and only a little over 1,300,000 went to the polls at the last general elections. This means that in the political elections in which the Clericals do not, or, at least, should not, participate, the voters represent 65 per cent. of the electors inscribed, while in the municipal elections, in which the Clericals openly participate with the approbation of their superiors, the percentage is 70, there thus being an augmentation of five per cent. due to the Clerical forces. Therefore the inference is that, everything summed up, the Vatican will not withdraw the *non expedit*, and thus give a patent proof of their weakness.—S. C.

### Temperance Reform in New Zealand

THE general parliamentary elections in New Zealand, which took place at the end of Novem-

ber, present a striking object lesson in connexion with temperance reform. According to the New Zealand law, provision is made at these elections for a comprehensive referendum of the electors on the vexed question of hotel legislation. Each elector has the right to vote on three issues, which are all marked on the one ballot-paper. The issues are:—(1) That the number of licences remain as at present; (2) That the number be reduced; (3) That no licence be issued. A simple majority suffices to carry either of the first two; but, fairly enough for such a radical reform, a three-fifths majority is required to establish prohibition. A feature of the scheme is the fact that each licensing district is ruled by the vote taken in its district. This sometimes has curious results. For example, at the election just held "no licence" was carried at Newton, a suburb of Wellington, the capital, where a street divides the prohibition town from the main city. At the first "local option" election the prohibitionists only carried one district—that of Clutha, in the South Island. But, contrary to expectations, the following two general elections, though they resulted in substantial increases in the voting strength of the temperance party, failed to add any further prohibition districts to the roll. This time in six licensing districts the "no licence" vote carried the day. Ashburton, a country district in the South Island, was one of the temperance successes; and it was remarkable owing to the position taken up by the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Christchurch actually issued an anti-prohibition manifesto, which was also signed by the Roman Catholic priest at Ashburton. The Christchurch and Ashburton district is so overwhelmingly Protestant that this action was absolutely futile. The important town of Port Chalmers, the port of Dunedin, was also carried. In a great number of instances the vote was in favour of a reduction of licences, so that the brewers and hotel-keepers have been badly routed.

The advance made in public sentiment can be strikingly illustrated by a few figures. The votes cast at the last three general elections were—

	To Continue Licences.	To Reduce Licences.	No Licence.
1896	141,331	95,873	99,937
1899	143,962	109,449	120,553
1902	146,909	133,631	159,992

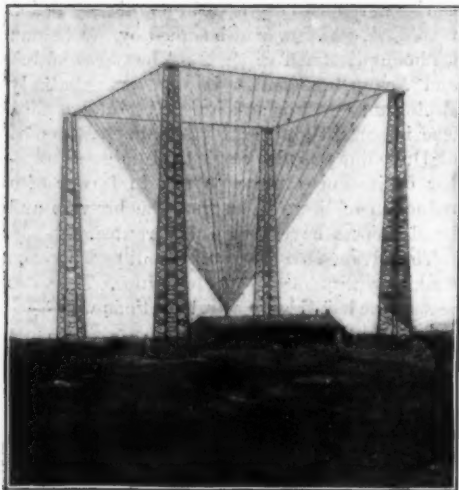
These figures show at a glance the strides made by the temperance party. The liquor party gained, in the nine years,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., while the prohibitionists jumped forward at the rate of 65 per cent.—F. S. S.

# Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

## Wireless Telegraphy

MR. MARCONI'S achievement in transmitting messages across the Atlantic by wireless telegraphy was expected by those who have followed his triumphal progress and are familiar with electrical action in the ether. Wireless telegraphy depends upon the creation of an electrical disturbance in one place and its detection in another. The waves produced travel through the immaterial ether in all directions, and the distance through which the messages they carry can be sent depends upon the strength of the disturbance at the transmitting station and the delicacy of the means of detecting them at the receiving station. A view of Mr. Marconi's station at Glace Bay is here reproduced from *The Electrician*, and there is a structure of the same character, for receiving the ethereal impulses of which messages are made, at Poldhu, Cornwall. The transmission of these impulses over a distance of about three thousand miles is a wonderful achievement, but too much must not yet be expected from the new system of communication. In spite of assertions to the contrary, no practical means has yet been described which will prevent wireless telegraphy messages from being tapped. Messages sent by Mr. Marconi from the *Carlo Alberto* were received not only at his station at Poldhu, but also by Mr. Nevil Maskelyne at the Eastern Telegraph Company's Station in Cornwall, and it is difficult to see at present how this can



WIRELESS TELEGRAPH STATION AT GLACE BAY

(From *The Electrician*)

be avoided. Until it is possible to place the transmitting and receiving stations in such exact electrical unison that no instruments at other places can be brought within their sphere of influence, there can be no monopoly in the receipt of wireless messages. As, however, one or more systems of wireless telegraphy are being developed in almost every civilised country, a practicable means of limiting the messages to the sender and receiver will probably be devised before long.

## New Views of Electricity

IN a recent address to the Institution of Electrical Engineers, Sir Oliver Lodge dealt with the nature of electricity, as indicated by the large amount of experimental work which has been carried on during the past few years. References to the "electric fluid" are even now by no means infrequent, though the idea conveyed by that term is entirely incorrect. Exactly what electricity is, no one can definitely say; but the conception most in favour at the present time is that all electrical phenomena are produced by the rapid movements of unweighable particles, called electrons, which may act alone or as riders on atoms of matter. Electrical effects in rarefied gases, as, for instance, in the tubes used for the production of Röntgen rays, are due to electrons being shot with tremendous velocity from one pole in the empty space to the other. When these electrons are stopped by placing something in their path, they beat upon it with such force as to produce phosphorescence or similar effects, the action being analogous to that of a stream of bullets fired upon a target. In considering this point, it must be remembered that the energy of a moving body depends upon velocity as much as upon mass. Startling as it may appear, it has nevertheless been shown by Sir William Crookes that a mass of fifteen grains, moving with the velocity of light, would have enough energy to lift the British Navy to the top of Ben Nevis. As electrons in an X-ray tube are estimated to move with a velocity of twenty thousand miles a second, or about one-tenth the speed of light, it is not difficult to account for the luminous effects due to the bombardment upon a surface in their way. In liquids, electrons are believed to ride on the atoms, and when an electric current is passed through a liquid, as in the process of electro-plating, one set of electrons drive their atoms towards one electric pole, and the atoms ridden by jockeys of an opposite kind move towards the other pole. In solids, such as electric cables or other conductors, the atoms do not move but merely pass on the electrons; and an electric current is believed to be a continuous transference of electrons from one atom to the next.

" and they got more



**BOVRIL**"

Reg. S.H.B.

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[To face matter.



**LONDON LADY CLERKS.**—One of the most difficult problems to solve for ladies who must earn their own living in London is the obtaining of suitable board and lodging at a price which bears a proper relation to their earnings, which, as a rule, are not very large, and one must always remember that a great number of those ladies are of good family, and therefore accustomed to a certain amount of comfort.

The cheaper boarding-houses and family pensions offer generally very deficient food, and are also not far advanced in the matter of cleanliness.

On this account, some years ago, the idea originated of founding a kind of ladies' club in which girl and women workers would be able to find what they wanted. For proportionately little money, namely, from ten to fifteen shillings a week, ladies could obtain a bedroom there, including the use of a reception-room, a music and a reading-room. For another ten shillings the members could have breakfast and dinner in the evening after their

day's work was over, so that they only had to pay extra for their luncheon in the City.

These clubs are intended for ladies who earn about one hundred pounds a year, and therefore can live in them on that sum comfortably enough. By means of these clubs the idea was arrived at of arranging larger homes on the same principle to accommodate an increased number of ladies, and thus make it possible to further decrease the prices of living, &c.

A committee was appointed to which the most influential persons in London belonged. This committee formed into a society, whose enactments were rapidly carried out, and such a home was built in the West End. This is so arranged that it can accommodate about eighty to ninety ladies, and only those are taken who earn at least one pound a week.

An Illustrated Descriptive Article on this Home will be found in the *Girl's Own Paper* for March. Now ready. Sixpence.

**ORANGE PUDDING.**—Peel and cut five sweet oranges into thin slices, taking out the seeds; pour over them a coffee-cupful of white sugar; let a pint of milk get boiling hot, by setting it in a pot of boiling water; add the yolks of three eggs well beaten, one tablespoonful of corn starch, made smooth with a little cold milk; stir all the time;

as soon as thickened pour over the fruit. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, adding a tablespoonful of sugar, and spread over the top for frosting; set in the oven for a few minutes to harden. This pudding is best eaten cold. See "**Oranges and How to Use Them**," in the *Girl's Own Paper* for March. Now ready. Sixpence.

**FEEDING AN INVALID.**—How many people, I wonder, even in this enlightened age, when lectures on hygiene and home-nursing, coupled with instruction in the art of sick-room cookery, are available to all, understand the serving of food intended for the consumption of invalids. It is one thing to graduate in the particular branch of culinary science which deals with broths, jellies, beef-teas and the like, but it is quite another matter to learn the way to present these innocuous articles of diet in such a manner as to beguile a failing appetite into eating in spite of itself. Modern erudition upon a subject so vital in its relation to the curative treatment of

suffering humanity should certainly preclude the possibility of soups literally swimming in grease, gruel that is lumpy or smoked, and eggs boiled until they are literally as hard as bullets, being proffered as "what the doctor ordered," but who is not able to recall sundry seasons of illness when fare which can scarcely be called palatable at the best of times was rendered doubly the reverse by the method—rather, shall we say, lack of method?—observed in "dishing it up"? See "**The Art of Serving Meals for Invalids**," by KATE L. B. MOORHEAD, in the *Girl's Own Paper* for March. Now ready. Sixpence.

# THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

## For MARCH

Also contains a Frontispiece—"A GIRL WITH DOVES."

After the Painting by JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZÉ in the Wallace Collection.

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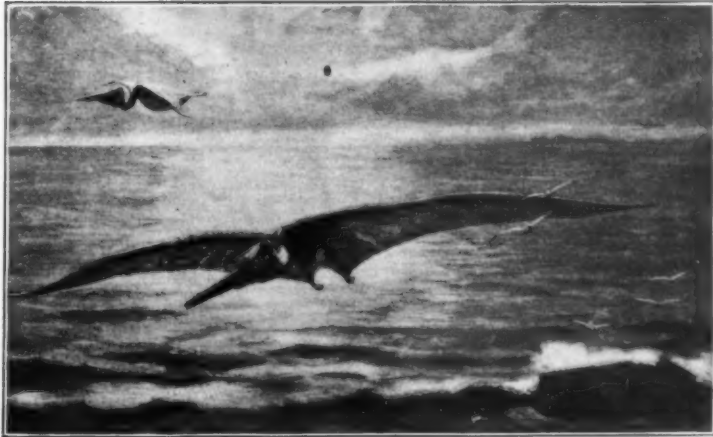


## Nature and Artificial Flight

STUDIES of the flight of birds are of deep interest in connexion with the problem of aerial navigation with machines heavier than the air they displace. Balloons float, and are therefore more or less at the mercy of the wind, so that no flying machine dependent upon the lightness of a bag of gas can be regarded as a completely successful means of navigating the air. Birds are heavier than the air, yet they are able to rise from the ground and fly at will by the expenditure of muscular energy, and as Nature's machinery is usually perfectly adapted to the work it has to do, it forms the best model for the construction of artificial machines. The simplest kind of flight to imitate is that of soaring, by which many birds are able to keep their weighty bodies in the air with very little motion of their wings. The largest soaring bird known to science is the Pterodactyl, or flying reptile of a past geological age, represented in the accompanying picture from a paper by Prof. S. P. Langley. This creature represents Nature's greatest flying machine. Next to it come the condor and the turkey buzzard, both of which are soaring birds. The weights of these birds are known, and the sizes of the wings; and it is possible to estimate approximately the muscular energy expended when in flight. In the case of the Pterodactyl the weight of the creature was probably about 30 lbs., the supporting area of wing surface about 25 square feet, and the energy required to keep aloft in the air less than the four-hundredth part of a horse-power. Prof. Langley has constructed a small steel flying machine of the same weight and with double the area of supporting wing surface, but a motor of one and a half horse-power was required to make this artificial bird soar for distances from half to three-quarters of a mile. Nature's largest flying machine has therefore not nearly been approached as regards efficiency.

### Forests and Rainfall

It is persistently stated that where forests have been destroyed the amount of rainfall has been diminished; in other words, that a wet climate may be changed into a dry one by cutting down the forest trees, or a dry region be made a moist one by afforestation. Observations which have been made to test this belief



A PTERODACTYL—NATURE'S LARGEST FLYING MACHINE

do not, however, give much support to it. Taking an extensive territory into consideration, it appears to be conclusively proved that forests do not increase rainfall. It has been just as clearly established that forests and other vegetation prevent the rain that falls in their neighbourhood from being wasted by evaporation. Forest soils absorb more moisture and evaporate it less quickly than soils in the open; therefore every effort should be made to preserve them from destruction. When forests are destroyed, the fertile, moisture-holding soil which the trees protected, often becomes too dry to be of any service and is blown away by the wind, leaving barren rock behind. In his recent presidential address to the Institution of Civil Engineers, Mr. J. C. Hawkshaw gave several instances of this effect of denuding a tract of country of its forest trees. In Brazil, the sandy red clay which extends for two thousand miles or more from Para southwards is rapidly cut into gullies and ravines when the forest with which it was formerly covered is cleared for cultivation. In the Siwalik hills in India, where the forests have been destroyed, the friable soil is carried away and spread over the fertile plains with disastrous results. As the result of destruction of forests in Norway, the thin layer of moisture-holding soil upon which trees were grown soon dried up and disappeared, and centuries will pass by before the same favourable conditions for forest growth will return. Hence, though forests do not appreciably affect the rainfall, they are of decided value in preserving the moisture in the ground, and their protection is therefore of national importance.

### Wood-Pulp and a Water-Shute

DURING the past few years the demand for timber has very greatly increased, on account of its use in the manufacture of wood-pulp—an industry of comparatively recent development

## Science and Discovery



LOGS RUSHING DOWN A WATER-SHUTE

A report just published by the United States Bureau of Forestry contains many interesting details as to the effect of this growth upon the lumber trade. In the United States there are four hundred mills for producing wood-pulp by mechanical and chemical means, and one-quarter of these are situated in New York State. Poplar was first used for wood-pulp, but it was soon discarded in favour of spruce, and within the last five years the process of manufacture has been so much improved that hemlock, pine, and balsam can be pulped satisfactorily. As the pulp logs are cut up into fairly short lengths, a means of transporting them from the forest by water-slides is used in many localities. These slides consist of wooden troughs several miles in length, through which a shallow stream of water carries the sticks to the railroad or to a river, where they are driven to the pulp mills in the same way as larger logs. With this shute sixty cords of wood can be carried down and discharged every hour. A good idea of the character of water-slides can be obtained from the two views here given of a slide which carries wood for pulp through a distance of seven miles down to the Ausable River, whence it is borne to the mills.

### Waves from Infinity

FOR many years it has been known that bonds of sympathy exist between the sun and the earth. Delicately suspended compass-needles kept at magnetic observatories are found to be continually swinging slightly to one side or another out of the true position, and this daily deviation is greatest when sun-spots are most frequent. The connexion between the condition of the sun as regards spottedness and the magnetic tremors of the compass-needles is of a very

intimate character. In a period of eleven years the spots on the sun increase and decrease, and the force of the earth's magnetism fluctuates in precisely the same cycle. When the sun-spots are year by year becoming more frequent the tremors of our magnets become greater; and when the years of few spots come round, the magnets quiet down in a corresponding degree. The concordance is so close that it led to the conclusion that sun-spots were the cause of the periodic variations of magnetic needles, and this view will be found in many books on astronomy. Support was apparently given to this direct connexion by the fact that our magnets have occasionally been greatly disturbed when large spots have appeared on the sun. Recent critical studies of records of sun-spots and magnetic fluctua-

tions have shown, however, that the concordance is not the outcome of direct cause and effect. A great spot was visible on the sun in May and June 1901, but there was no coincident magnetic movement; and, on the other hand, a great magnetic disturbance occurred in April 1902, when the sun had no spots on its visible surface. For these and other reasons, it is now believed that the correspondence between the periodic variations of sun-spots and terrestrial magnetism is due to the action of a common cause outside the sun and earth—some disturbance, it may be, in the ether which pervades our universe. We have now, therefore, the grand conception of ether-waves coming from infinity and passing through our system, sun-spots representing an effect of the waves upon the sun and magnetic disturbance their effect upon the earth. Why these waves should ebb and flow in a period of eleven years has yet to be explained.



WATER-SLIDE DISCHARGING LOGS INTO THE AUSABLE RIVER

# Varieties

## Ethergrams

WE give the following messages place here as marking an era. They may have interest in the years to come, when our volumes are scattered into remote corners.

New York, Jan. 19, 1903.

The following message was sent by Marconi wireless telegraphy between Cape Cod and Poldhu:

"To his Majesty King Edward the Seventh.

"In taking advantage of the wonderful triumph of scientific research and ingenuity which has been achieved in perfecting the system of wireless telegraphy, I extend on behalf of the American people my most cordial greetings and good wishes to you and the people of the British Empire.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

King Edward replied (by cable):

"To the President, White House, Washington.

"I thank you most sincerely for the kind message which I have just received from you through Signor Marconi's Transatlantic wireless telegraphy. I sincerely reciprocate, in the name of the people of the British Empire, the cordial greetings and friendly sentiment expressed by you on behalf of the American nation; and I heartily wish you and your country every possible prosperity.

"EDWARD R."

We notice the word "ethergram" in a letter from Sir Norman Lockyer to *The Times*. It is the most beautiful that science has given to our lexicons.

## Chess by Semaphore

It had been my custom to play a game at chess by semaphore with one or other of the ships, generally of an evening, after evolutions, and it was extraordinary what an interest the signalmen used to take in the game. One evening our game was left unfinished, and the next day we exercised at steam tactics. In the midst of an intricate evolution (when, of course, chess was not to be thought of) a signal was observed flying from one of the ships. "What is it?" said the Admiral. "Something about the queen, sir," says the flag lieutenant; "and a bishop," said the signal mid. At last it was made out: "Queen's bishop to knight's fourth." The Admiral was furious. "Make a signal to the — to go to general quarters and shift topsail yards."—*Admiral Kennedy's Naval Yarns* (Constable).

## A Request

MISS FLORENCE WILLIAMS, of the Missionaries' Literature Association, writes to us—

"Would any of your readers be willing to send their copies of *The Leisure Hour* to missionaries? I have many requests for it, and

should be grateful to any one who would send it out. If they will communicate with me (17, Westfield Park, Redland, Bristol), I will gladly send addresses of the missionaries who want it."

## Astronomical Notes for March

On the 1st day of this month the Sun rises, in the latitude of Greenwich, at 6h. 50m. in the morning, and sets at 5h. 36m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 6h. 28m. and sets at 5h. 54m.; and on the 21st he rises at 6h. 5m. and sets at 6h. 11m. He will be vertical over the equator at 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 21st, which is therefore the day of vernal equinox. The Moon enters her First Quarter at 7h. 14m. (Greenwich time) on the evening of the 6th; becomes Full at 13m. past noon on the 13th; enters her Last Quarter at 2h. 8m. on the morning of the 21st; and becomes New at 1h. 26m. on that of the 29th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 10th, and in apogee, or farthest from us, about half-past 8 o'clock on the morning of the 22nd. An annular eclipse of the Sun will take place on the morning of the 29th, the central line of which will pass over central and north-eastern Asia. No part of the phenomenon will be visible in Europe; at Hong Kong somewhat more than half the Sun's disc will be covered at 7h. 54m. local time, and at Calcutta the eclipse will be half over at sunrise. The planet Mercury will be visible in the morning before sunrise until about the 21st, moving from the constellation Capricornus into Aquarius, and passing near the star Delta (of the third magnitude) in the eastern part of the former on the 9th. Venus continues to increase in brightness as an evening star, setting later each day; she moves during the month from the constellation Pisces into Aries, and on the 26th will be nearly due south of the star Alpha in the latter. Mars will be at opposition to the Sun on the 29th, and above the horizon all night, at his greatest brilliancy; he is in the constellation Virgo, moving in a westerly direction, and will pass near the star Delta on the 15th, and Gamma (that interesting double star) on the 26th. Jupiter will not be visible until nearly the end of the month, when he will rise a little before the Sun, in the eastern part of Aquarius. Saturn rises somewhat earlier, being in the constellation Capricornus; he will be near the Moon (horned and waning) on the morning of the 24th.

*Answer to W. H. Daniels.*—The comet which was discovered by Giacobini at Nice on the 2nd of December will make its nearest approach to the Sun in the first week in April, but will even then be two and a half times as far from him as the Earth is. It was nearest the Earth in the middle of January, and is now becoming fainter, but has never been visible without the aid of a powerful telescope. Throughout this month, its apparent place is in the constellation Gemini.

W. T. LYNN.

# Women's Interests

## A Universal Language

HALF a century ago a little Polish boy living among people of different dialects and nationalities, and sometimes of different religious beliefs, and seeing for himself that people are always prone to misjudge what they do not understand, and to fear and dread the unintelligible, dreamed a dream of a time when people would all be of one tongue and one faith, and of the love and peace that would ensue.

As he grew older the idea took shape in his mind that a language might be constructed free of idioms and lingual difficulties, and on such grammatical lines as would be easily understood and remembered. Dwelling on this thought for many years he was able to produce in middle life the grammar and dictionary of a language deriving its root words from such as already formed a part of more than one other language. In 1885 the new language, to which the inventor gave the pleasant name of Esperanto, was ready for the consideration of philologists.

Fifteen or twenty years ago another scheme for a universal language which would serve as a medium of communication between travellers of all nationalities was before the British public. But what could be expected to thrive that was afflicted with the name of Volapük? That language did not; it was complex, its lettering was in itself a study, but its greatest disability was its nomenclature. It died; possibly its inventor was the only mourner.

The aim of Esperanto is to avoid all needless difficulties, it is written in the familiar Roman alphabet, the rules of its grammar are so few that these can be learned in a single lesson, after which a vocabulary of about a thousand new words offers the only remaining difficulty. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that Esperanto promises to take hold of the community. It is already extensively studied and spoken in most European countries, taught in certain continental universities, and many travellers of different nationalities have proved its utility.

Various books printed in Esperanto are already in existence, and a monthly magazine in that language can be had post free from Upsala in Sweden, for an annual cost of 3s. 6d.

Such distinguished men as Count Leo Tolstoy, Mr. W. T. Stead, the late Professor Max Müller, and the editor of *La Liberté Economique* (Paris) have given a cordial welcome to the new language; indeed Mr. Stead permits it to be taught in the evenings in the office of the *Review of Reviews*, and an enthusiastic teacher has been found who is willing and anxious to impart instruction in Esperanto gratis, merely expressing the hope that each successful student will endeavour to form classes on the same terms, so that knowledge of the language may be rapidly extended.

English scientific and artistic bodies intend to invite the various French academies and scientific associations to visit London in the summer of 1904, when a common means of intercourse, devoid of those difficulties of accent which beset all who speak a foreign and not a universal language, would materially increase the pleasure and profit of the occasion. As Esperanto can be mastered by the intelligent in a couple of weeks, if each student became a teacher of a class of twelve at the end of that time, there is no reason why every man, woman, and child in the British Isles should not be conversant with the new language long before the middle of next year.

Believing that an international medium of communication would do more than all conventions and all resolutions ever written to spread peace and good-will, Mr. O'Connor volunteers his services on one or two evenings of the week to teach Esperanto to all who wish to learn it. A dictionary of the language costs 10d., and a grammar about the same. These two books with some foolscap and a pencil constitute the student's educational outfit.

One of the illustrated weekly newspapers, published for the edification of well-to-do women, recently inquired distressfully if the winter would not bring forth a new society craze, since ping pong had begun to pall, and the spirit was breaking under bridge. "How are young men and women to make the hours fly?" inquired this sapient sage. "Without a craze society gets into mischief, and gaiety declines."

Might I suggest that Esperanto would prove as interesting and more profitable than ping pong, and would afford to those who live only that they may kill time, more edifying sport than pursuing that elusive quarry into the quagmires to which he not infrequently leads the idle.

An idea of the construction of the language may be gathered from the facts that all the verbs are regular and seem to consist of but three tenses—the present, past, and future; these change the final syllable for each tense, and the prefix indicates the change of person. The feminine of all masculine nouns is formed by the insertion of the suffix "in"—thus "patro," father, becomes "patrino," mother. Adjectives acquire the opposite signification by means of the prefix "mal"—"bono," good; "malbono," bad.

Should our readers desire further information, I shall be happy to supply it, as I intend to commence the study of Esperanto to-morrow, hoping with the teacher that its acquisition may tend to widen human sympathy and increase universal good-will.

VERITY.

Letters relating to "Women's Interests," etc., to be addressed—"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.



# The Fireside Club

## SEARCH PASSAGES

(From R. L. Stevenson's Verses.)

1. "Half-dressed, he daunders out an' in,  
Perplex wi' leisure ;"
2. "I but think and speak and do,  
As my dead fathers move me to ;"
3. "And he to her a hero is,  
And sweeter she than primroses."
4. "The unsought volunteers of death."
5. "My second mother, my first wife,  
The angel of my infant life."
6. "This was the world and I was King."
7. "The dusty attic, spider-clad,  
He, through the keyhole, maketh glad."
8. "Where the knotty crocodile  
Lies and blinks in the Nile."
9. "Where shall we adventure, to-day that  
we're afloat,  
Wary of the weather, and steering by a  
star ?"
10. "The level of the parlour floor  
Was honest, homely, Scottish shore,  
But when we climbed upon a chair,  
Behold the gorgeous East was there !"

Give references for each of the above passages. A prize of the value of Half-a-Guinea is offered for first set of correct answers.

## MISSING WORD ACROSTIC

1. "You won't have none to-morrow. D'y'e hear? Not a fragment of — you won't have to-morrow."
2. "To a man possessed of the higher — powers, the objection to legal studies is the amount of detail which they involve."
3. "— to the extent of two and ninepence in a fortnight cannot, however limited our ideas, be considered remunerative."
4. "To pull off our caps here, and make bows there, and always to know our place and to — ourselves before our betters."
5. "How could I expect to be —, being so lone and lorn, and so contrary !"
6. "I was always tossing about like a distressed ship in a sea of —."
7. "If you was to go without seeing my little —, you'd lose the best of sights. You never see such a sight !"
8. "The climate affected his dye ; it did very well in —, but it was no go here."

## THE WHOLE.

"I never wish to meet a better gen'lman for turning to with a will."

In one of Charles Dickens' books the eight words missing above are to be found. Give them, naming the speakers, and say who described the whole.

For the first correct answer a prize of the value of Half-a-Guinea is offered.

Answers to George Eliot Search Questions in January number :—1. Felix Holt. 2. Silenus. 3. Mrs. Gilfil. 4. Mr. Lyon. 5. Miss Nancy Lammeter. 6. Harold Transome. 7. Miss Harleth. 8. Dissenting matrons. 9. Silas Marner. 10. Mirah Lapidoth. 11. Mrs. Patten. 12. Mabel Meyrick. The prize is sent to Miss J. B. BERWICK, Ardross, Elie, Fife.

Answers to Dickens Acrostic in January number :—1. Nightcap. 2. Instinct. 3. Cigar. 4. Hignominiousness. 5. Onion. 6. London. 7. Angelic. 8. Scarecrow. The whole is Ralph Nickleby's description of Nicholas. The prize is sent to A. P. FERRAR, St. Philip's Vicarage, Bethnal Green, E.

## ON OUR BOOK TABLE

(Books received :—*Life of Queen Victoria*, by SIDNEY LEE, Smith Elder and Co., 10s. 6d. *Selected Poems*, by WILLIAM WATSON, John Lane, 3s. 6d. *Round the Horn*, by BASIL LUBBOCK, John Murray, 8s. *The Canon's Daughter*, by W. R. COOKE, 6s., and *The Home Doctor*, by F. R. WALTERS, 2s. 6d., both from Sonnenschein. *Anthology of English Verse*, edited by J. H. LOBBAN, Blackwood and Sons, 5s.)

Mr. Sidney Lee's *Life of Queen Victoria* is an admirable piece of work, compact, clear, comprehensive, and interesting from beginning to end. As undaunted by superabundance in this case, as he was by paucity of material in his *Life of Shakespeare*, he has thrown into perspective the crowded events of nearly a century, so that while none are lost, all are subordinate to the personality of the woman, and each throws light upon the character of the Queen. The result is a portrait, which one studies, and returns to study with growing appreciation. The limitations of the late Queen's abilities and sympathies were clearly marked, from childhood, but within these limits the strength of character which she developed, and the wisdom of her reign, are equally remarkable. "Truth was with her an enduring passion," says her biographer in his preface, and merely as a record of a long life devoted to arduous duty, this volume would be remarkable. Many fresh incidents have been added to those details of the Queen's life which are already public property, and the illustrations, type, and general form of the book all combine to make it a welcome publication.

William Watson's poems have appeared from time to time in small volumes, each containing notable things. This volume of *Selections* brings together his finest work—*Wordsworth's Grave*, the *Father of the Forest*, that noble *Hymn to the Sea*, whose organ-music so haunts the reader's memory, *Lachrymae Musarum*, all are here, prefaced by the *Ode in May*, which is perhaps his most perfect work. Of all spring songs (and the poets, like the birds, seem then most musical, as witness Wordsworth's two *May Odes*, Tennyson's *Spring*, and an innumerable host of others), this *Ode* suggests the

## The Fireside Club

widest landscapes, an elemental renaissance, touching even the ephemeral life of man, in whom the seen and unseen elements are intertwined—

"as warp and woof in our lot,  
We are children of splendour and flame,  
Of shuddering also, and tears.  
Magnificent out of the dust we came,  
And abject from the spheres."

As large in utterance are the lines that describe the spring-returning might of the sun, the earth's "bright, irresistible lord," as being nought beside the creative glory of God—

"O Sun . . .  
Thou art but as a word of His speech,  
Thou art but as a wave of His hand;  
Thou art brief as a glitter of sand  
Twixt tide and tide on His beach;  
Thou art less than a spark of His fire,  
Or a moment's mood of His soul:  
Thou art lost in the notes on the lips of His choir,  
That chant the chant of the Whole."

In Mr. Lubbock's book, *Round the Horn before the Mast*, we have, well told, the story of a voyage from San Francisco to England. All is fish that comes to the net of the born adventurer, and Mr. Lubbock fitted in this experience *en route* from gold mining at Klondyke, to fighting in South Africa. Shipping as an ordinary seaman in company with another old English public school fellow, he describes from day to day, watch by watch, all that struck him as noteworthy during a four months' voyage round the redoubtable Cape Horn, and his book is excellent reading. He praises cordially at the outset the Institute for British Seamen at 'Frisco, and "the extraordinary good work it is doing," and wishes to record heartfelt thanks to Messrs. Karney and O'Rorke, the hard-working clergy in charge of it, for their many kindnesses to him, as well as to sailormen of all nationalities.

*The Canon's Daughter* is apparently Mr. Cooke's

first work. It is full of lively incident—the hero's adventures turning upon a somewhat novel theme, the perfidy of a publisher, who tardily returns his manuscripts after stealing his ideas, which the said publisher unlawfully profits by in an altered form.

*The Home Doctor* is a book of reference, so well written and to the point that those in difficulty may learn from it not only what to do till the doctor comes, but what to go on doing if he cannot come, as is often the case in country and colonial life.

Every bedroom ought to have its bookshelf, every such bookshelf ought to have its anthology, and by no means last among these for choice we are inclined to place this *Anthology of English Verse*. It is handy, well printed, has roomy margins for annotations, moreover it is close packed, and contains nearly four hundred examples of English verse. According to some critics the compiler of an anthology is judged by his omissions, and finding neither *Proud Maisie* to represent Scott, nor *Rose Aylmer* under Landor's name, we grieve that Mr. Lobban should be unaware of these pieces of perfection. The kindlier school of critics, however, will esteem the anthologist for what he adds to their stores, and we have to thank him for many new treasures. Full of happy lines (although not flawless) is the address *To Rufus, a Spaniel*, in which Mr. Lehmann ends by picturing what will be should Rufus predecease him—

"I think old Charon, punting through the dark,  
Will hear a sudden, friendly little bark . . .  
He'll ask no obol, but instal you there  
On Styx's further bank without a fare.  
There shall you sniff his cargoes as they come,  
And droop your head, and turn, and still be dumb—  
Till one fine day, half joyful, half in fear,  
You run and prick a recognising ear,  
And last, oh rapture! leaping to his hand,  
Salute your master as he steps to land."

What lover of dogs will not appreciate the truth of this character study?



Photo by

NOONDAY REST

G. G. Kent

## Our Chess Page

### Six Guineas in Prizes

As intimated last month, we offer **Six Guineas** in prizes for the best sets of solutions of problems to be published during the months of March, April, May, June and July. Fifteen problems will be given, three each month. Not more than one four-mover will be included.

Competitors should carefully observe the following conditions and hints:

1. Each batch of solutions must be headed with the name and address of the sender, and separate sheets of paper must be securely fastened together.

2. Only one side of the paper must be written upon.

3. It facilitates the work of the examiners if neatness be observed, and the leading variations be clearly set forth.

4. Solutions should be exhaustive. Unless all the leading variations in a problem be given the examiners cannot assume that they have been discovered and solved by the competitor.

Special care will be taken to prevent unsound problems creeping in. It is impossible, however, to assert that such a misfortune will not recur, and if it does, extra marks will be awarded for the discovery of "cooks" or other blemishes.

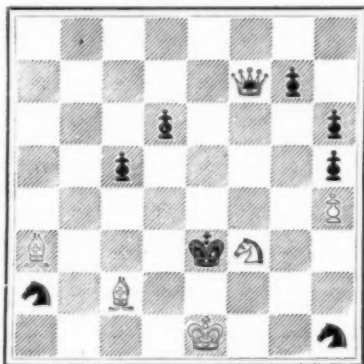
Here is a batch of three problems to open the competition. Most of the succeeding problems will be taken from those entered in the Tourney which closed in January last.

Solutions must be in our hands by June 1st from Europe, and by August 1st from abroad.

As far as we know not one of these three problems has been published before. If we should prove to be mistaken, another problem or problems will be submitted in exchange.

*"In pulverem reverteris!"* by EMIL PALKOSKA.

BLACK—8 MEN

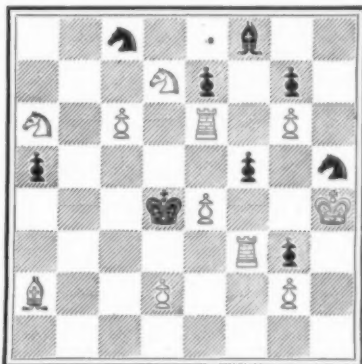


WHITE—6 MEN

White to play and mate in three moves.

*"Honours,"* by ARTHUR CHARLICK.

BLACK—9 MEN

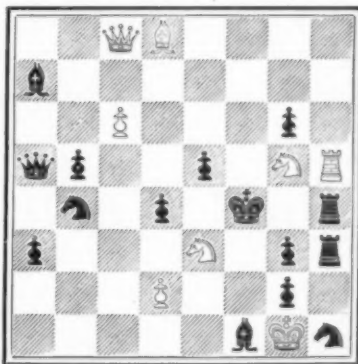


WHITE—11 MEN

White to play and mate in three moves.

*"Qui vive,"* by MAXIMILIAN FEIGL.

BLACK—15 MEN



WHITE—8 MEN

White to play and mate in two moves.

#### Solutions.

End game by Rev. ROGER J. WRIGHT. Black moves first.

1. R—Q 6 (dbl.)      K×R
2. R—Q 8              Kt×R
3. B—K 7              K×Kt
4. P—B 4              K×P or K—B 6
5. Q—Q 3 or B 5 (mate acc.)

*"Rough Diamond."* Key move, P—Q 4.

## Our Chess Page

### SOLVING COMPETITION, 1902

#### FOREIGN AWARD

Prize, **One Guinea**:—E. W. ALLEN, 18 Huntington Avenue, Boston, U.S.A.

**Half-a-Guinea each**:—RICHARD BURKE, Waitalawa, Teldeniya, Ceylon; ARTHUR CHARLICK, Rose Park, South Australia.

All Mr. Allen's solutions were correct, but they were far from being exhaustive. Mr.

Burke failed to find the cook in *Nellie Bly*, while Mr. Charllick discovered a non-existent second solution to Capitola. No other competitor came anywhere near to perfection.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and to be marked **CHESS** on the envelope. *Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.*

## The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

### PRIZE COMPETITION

#### "How to Spend a Summer Holiday"

A Prize of **One Guinea**, a Second Prize of **Half-a-Guinea**, and Four Third Prizes of a **Five Shilling Book** each, will be awarded for the best Essays on "How to Spend a Summer Holiday."

The Essay should state, as far as possible, the writer's own experiences and give an account of actual cost. The holiday may be either for one person or for a family.

#### RULES

1. No Essay to exceed 1000 words.
2. Each Essay must have affixed to it the Coupon found on the Contents page of this number.
3. Essays to be written on one side of the paper only, and to be sent to the Editor of *The Leisure Hour*, 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., not later than March 17, 1903.
4. The Prize Essays to be the property of *The Leisure Hour*.
5. Competitors are requested to keep copies of their Essays, as the Editor cannot undertake to return any Essays even when stamps are sent.
6. Private correspondence is impossible.



Photo by

G. R. Ballance

BUSHES ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER INN COVERED WITH  
HOAR-FROST, TAKEN AT SUNRISE



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Yours truly, H. A. NICKERSON, 19 Hamilton-street, Highfields,  
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(To face matter.

## TIME IS THE TEST OF ALL THINGS

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